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Drawn on the wood by John S. Davis.

Engraved by Jonnard.

A DAUGHTER OF CLEOPATRA — AFTER VERNET-LECOMPTÉ.

## THE ALDINE.

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## SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

JANUARY: Cares of the past to the wild breezes fling!  
Joyous the song that the New Year bells sing;  
Courage and patience, the gifts that they bring.

FEBRUARY: Far in the Southland, the birds are debating  
Speedy returning to cottage and hall:  
Under the snow-drifts the blossoms are waiting—  
Waiting, impatient, the Spring-maiden's call.

MARCH: Under the edge of the rock-rift,  
Daintiest forms are seen,  
Close by the winter's snow-drift,—  
Hints of the summer's green.

APRIL: Brooks are laughing down the valleys;  
Breezes murmur soft and clear;  
Tell-tale birds have brought the tidings:  
"Lo! the joyous spring is here."

MAY: Oh, the merry month of May!  
The world is keeping holiday!  
And the earth and the sky are so royally giving,  
That life is complete in mere pleasure of living.

JUNE: Beautiful June!—  
Nature's loveliest boon!  
The earth and the air are in perfect attune,  
Singing to welcome thee, beautiful June.

JULY: Banish care and fear,  
And all things drear,  
In the golden noon tide of the year.  
Floating along  
On the dancing waves with laugh and song.

AUGUST: O joyous month  
Whose cradle song  
Is the reaper's chime,  
The vales along.  
A queenly queen has the year become,  
Crowned with wreaths of the "Harvest Home."

SEPTEMBER: In livery golden, the birches wait,  
Heralding autumn in regal state.  
The sumachs, in robings of crimson, flash  
By the clustered globes of the mountain ash.

OCTOBER: Heap high the board  
With the autumn cheer,  
The garnered hoard  
Of the perfect year.  
Mellowed and ripened in rarest shape  
Are the pulpy sweets of the pear and grape.

NOVEMBER: White surf breaking  
Along the strand;  
Wild winds sweeping  
O'er sea and land.

DECEMBER: Tired and aged, quite,  
The year is at rest,  
A robe of white  
Soft folded across its peaceful breast.  
Gayly the Christmas bells are ringing:  
Anthems of joy the world is singing.

—Alice M. Guernsey.

## CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

THREE or four years ago, it became my duty to spend a whole winter in London, in pursuance of certain business which would persist in not allowing itself to be carried across the Atlantic; and necessarily during that winter, while suffering some of the discomforts which an American is sure to experience on an extended sojourn anywhere else than at home, I enjoyed many privileges and made many acquaintances from which those of my countrymen are debarred who only pass through London on their way to or from the continent, or who hurriedly and in a few days of summer "do" the great metropolis, with every hour overfilled and a thousand objects crowding together in the mind and making it little else than a chaos. During the comparative leisure of that winter, I came to know the resources of the mightiest city on earth, its theatres, opera-houses, picture-galleries, museums, law-courts, and other details of an enlarged civilization, with a particularity which any stranger might consider tolerably thorough, however much I inevitably fell short of the local knowledge possessed by a resident of many years or a lifetime.

Of course, among other privileges, I caught a glimpse of London Christmas, even if only a glimpse, and not to be compared with that fine old English Christmas in the country, with which many American readers have been made pleasantly familiar by Irving, in his charming "Bracebridge Hall." It is not to many men that the feudal mansions of England are thrown open, as they were to him; and who could describe them as he did, even if they were? Some recollection of this, I think, combined with the cold, which made extended traveling at that season undesirable, to make me neglect two invitations actually within my reach—one to a noble old mansion in the Midlands, where I might have sat under the waxen blaze, reflected from the carved and polished black oak of many centuries, with historical associations all around me and historical names every moment meeting my ear,—and another to a quiet family gathering, away down on the south coast, where I might have come much nearer to the warmth of the genuine English heart in hospitality, and grown much better to understand the mysteries of the festival time in the country. Ah, well—perhaps I should have accepted one or the other of those rare chances; but I did not, and so there is an end of it. In the place of doing so, I saw Christmas in London, after a certain sort; and, failing the best that might have been, let us find the best that we can in the alternative.

I remained in London, where the season was dismal enough, even if interesting, as the most intense cold known in the metropolis for thirty years, set in a few days before the anniversary, freezing up the street-hydrants for a good three weeks, making the streets alternately snowy and slippery, with other alternations of cold and dripping fog; crippling the omnibuses; giving the cabs excuse for double prices; and affording the strongest illustration of the impossibility of keeping apartments warm, in American weather, with the miserable high-placed little grates that are considered quite effective enough for an ordinary London winter. What would I not have given at times for an American stove (unhealthy as that undoubtedly is), a base-burner, or a Franklin, with a bushel or two of good peach-orchard or Lackawanna, to put in the place of that flaming but deceptive cannel, and show all Great Britain what it was to be once *thoroughly warmed through!* Thank all the fates that I did not so entirely "freeze-up," or "freeze-out," as to destroy all powers of observation!—that I was even able to extract a certain amount of enjoyment as well as information from the time and its surroundings!

In some regards, Christmas is very differently kept in London, from the habit in any of the great American cities. As with us, it is a season for family reunions—for "going home," if there is any home to go to. Half London goes away, the day before Christmas, if not earlier, to some home-spot in the country; and I suppose that one-third of the country comes up to London, at a corresponding time, for a similar purpose. As with us, it is made the occasion of many gifts and presents, but all open ones, under the general name of the "Christmas-box" (the name no doubt derived from some class who went around with a box for donations, two or three or five hundred years ago), as there is no beautiful fiction of Santa Claus (for which we of America are indebted to the Dutch), and no little stockings are hung up on Christmas Eve in the chimney corner, except among the few who may have imported the custom, at second-hand, from America. The Christmas-tree has been brought over and acclimated, from Germany; but even that does not flourish so luxuriantly as upon western soil, though apparently every year adds to its popularity among those who have means and inclination for present-making. Notably among those who expect to receive "Christmas-boxes," are the servants and the tradespeople, as well as the very lowest class of caterers to the wants of families; and some of the applications of the latter are odd enough to demand a moment of special attention.

I had that amount of curiosity necessary for the preservation, at the Christmas under notice, of a few of the circulars handed into the house in Bloomsbury at which I temporarily made my residence—those of the dustmen and the milkmen who served the locality. These were printed on paper or cardboard, in borders, and bearing the royal arms at top; and two of them read as follows:

"To the Worthy Inhabitants of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George's, Bloomsbury. Ladies and Gentlemen: We, your constant dustmen, in the employ of Mr. John Easton, contractor, make

humble application to you for a Christmas-box, which you are usually so kind as to give. And to prevent fraud on you and imposition on ourselves, which is often practiced by men dressed as dustmen, saying they are employed by the contractor above named, we hope you will not give your bounty to any but those who produce a medallion of the Saviour and Virgin. Your humble servants, Fdk. Hines, Geo. Field, and C. Chambers. N. B.—No connection with the scavengers."

"We, the regular watermen employed by Mr. John Easton, contractor, make humble application for a Christmas-box, which you are usually so kind as to give."

The third of these characteristic epistles, handed in by a cow-keeper in the neighborhood, has unfortunately disappeared, with all its wealth of verbal and pictorial illustration, blending sacred history and profane mendicancy, the manger of Bethlehem and the cow-sheds of St. Giles, in a manner more ingenious than appropriate. I may say, *en passant*, that whatever the harvest reaped on that occasion by the cow-keeper and the watermen, I trust that the dustmen were slighted to the point of driving them out of the parish; for never, since the "Wo!" was cried from the walls of Jerusalem, has such a wailing moan, blended with a howl, come up to the ears of men from human throats, as that which had day by day saluted my tortured ears from those same dustmen, ringing all the changes of agony on the words of notification to the scullery-maids of Bloomsbury: "Dust ho!—bring out your dust!"

Everybody, too, buys a little something for the Christmas occasion, a shade better than usual—everybody below a certain class, that is to say. And I know of no more sadly instructive experience than to do as Thomas De Quincey, the English opium-eater, habitually did, more than half a century ago—go out into the poorer parts of the great city, say into Soho, or down Drury Lane and the streets running off from it, or even deeper into that portion of St. Giles stretching away toward the Seven Dials, or below Lincoln's Inn Fields to the Clare Market neighborhood—there or in similar places to stand by the doors of some of the miserable shops, and see how the very poor buy for a holiday! To see not only how they buy, but what they buy, as to quality and quantity; how they long, and covet, and struggle, and hesitate; how close is the calculation over a coin that would slip through the fingers of a native American of even the same class and the same poverty, without his thinking twice of it. God help those swarming, half-starving poor of London!—and even more, God help him who can look upon their wants and their longings, without wishing to be monarch or millionaire and sweep all that one section of wretchedness away at one compelling word!

As a part of the proprieties of the time, of course Christmas dinners are London features, as they are features everywhere. And I am sure, by the way, that these, and all the more genial Christmas observances (I do not speak now of the religious ones), are much more general than they ever were at any earlier period, and much more general than they ever would have been, but for the life and labors of that "Apostle of Christmas" who gave us the "Christmas Carol," the "Cricket on the Hearth," the "Holly-Tree Inn," the "Seven Poor Travelers," "What Christmas is as we Grow Older," and so many others with the same bias and influence that even their names and number escape the memory. Whatever he may have been in other regards, and whatever the scope of his teachings, he certainly so shamed, thrilled, laughed, and plead his way, in behalf of the claims of the Christmas Time to benevolence and forgiveness,—that there must be infinitely more of Christmas reunions and reconciliations—more presents to the poor—more remembrances of distant relatives and duties paid to near ones—more privileges accorded to those in employ, and more general and heartfelt enjoyment of the season, than there could have been without his influence, in this day which tends to put away everything romantic and scoff at everything sentimental. Thackeray prophesied that this would be the case, at the first publication of the "Christmas Carol;" and yet probably not even he guessed at the completeness of the coming fulfillment.

But to return to the Christmas Dinner, with which these reflections have only a mild connection. Turkeys, geese, and fowls are central figures of this festive meal, in England as in America, though the turkeys are not so universal, the geese are more nearly so, and the "roast beef of Old England" (not quite so good as the American, on the average, in spite of the tradition to the contrary—while the mutton and the hams are much better than ours)—

the roast beef, I say, comes in for a much more honored place, on such occasions, than with us: the vegetables of the season are much less plentiful and various; and they lack two things, without which the character and morals of any nation can never quite rise to the height of general respect. They do not know how to make a *mince-pie* worthy of the name, nor, indeed, a fruit-pie of any description, that would not set an American housewife into laughing indignation; and they have no *cranberry-sauce* for the turkey! Now every one knows, however the absence of the mince-pies may be condoned, that the turkey was intended by a beneficent providence to be eaten with that special sauce, and that the cranberry grows for no other purpose;—so that the deficiency goes beyond expression. Let us pity them!—they are yet in the dark ages, in such regards; as they are, indeed, in nearly every arrangement for cooking, and in the preparation of every kind of dessert, except that inevitable and indigestible plum-pudding, slab and sobby enough to breed a dyspepsia with a single helping. They have no idea, in point of fact, of all that unhealthy (so they say) but very real delight, which lies in the flaky and melting preparations of the American baker's shop, any more than they have of the fruit and vegetable delicacies, canned and otherwise preserved, derived from the fields and orchards of the West.

But to go back once more to the Christmas Dinner, which will certainly grow unappetizing under so many desertions. There is one feature of it, or of the evening festivity corresponding, which can not be too highly commended—the practice of hanging over the door or table a sprig of the Druid mistletoe (an angular-jointed shrub, with leaves like the olive and white waxen berries at the joints), under which the kissing of *any one*, of whichever sex, is considered entirely excusable and rather meritorious than otherwise; and there is sometimes a bit of dessert, or, as they call it, "sweets," derivable from this pleasant practice, going far to induce forgetfulness even of mince-pies and cranberry-sauce! This shrub, a parasite, by the way, with the holly, the fir, the ivy and running-vines for wreathing, make up the principal "Christmas greens" for house decoration, as, minus the mistletoe and the ivy, and plus an infinite variety of evergreens, they supply the same place in America. House decorations, as a rule, are far inferior to ours: those of favorite churches, especially of the ritualistic or high-church order, are often very costly and elaborate.

The "Christmas Waits," proper, of the rural districts, have no place in London, at the present day, and when they appear they are of a very low order, merely giving an excuse for somewhat bolder beggary than that of the open street. They awake one, on Christmas morning, in various parts of the city, very early, and not too pleasantly—the average musical force being three or four, with a cracked clarinet, a worse-cracked violin, perhaps an antediluvian accordion or concertina, and voices so bad that when they attempt to sing, the recollection that "Christmas comes but once a year!" grows very pleasant and reassuring. The London "waits," now usually in rags and often shoeless, have no expectation of being invited into the house and regaled with food and drink in recognition of the service they have rendered the season: they play and moan away, poor souls!—under the window, hoping that here and there a penny may be thrown out to them, and often disappointed of any recognition whatever. They do not announce much "peace" on that portion of "earth," seeing that they come with horrible discord; and as to the "good will among men," I am afraid that they neither create nor receive it, in this degenerate latter half of the nineteenth century. Something very like them, by the way, haunts certain portions of London, all winter long, and especially when there is what they call a "hard frost," (*i. e.*, in American, a "freeze-up.") One of them, or two, or three, with or without some cracked or battered instrument, and always with a fractured voice and almost always in the very desolation of rags, may be seen, and heard, in the street at almost any hour of the day or night, begging through the medium of some doleful refrain, like

"We're all froze out, and we're knocking about,  
And we've got no work to do!"

Religious observances, at the churches, on Christmas Day, are universal, in London as here. I enjoyed the great privilege, on the Christmas under notice, of listening to good Dean Stanley's sermon, in Westminster Abbey, sitting within a few feet of the grave

of Dickens, in the pavement of that regal burial-place. The sermon of the handsome and genial Dean was a glorious one—informing with the very spirit of that "peace on earth" already quoted, and which formed his theme, as reprobating equally the wars and the domestic dissensions of the time; but somehow, because it was Christmas Day, my mind would go wandering, not only during the sermon but the noble choral service, to him who lay cold beneath that stone with the brass letters recording simply his name—deaf to the voice of the speaker, the chime of the grand old bells, and all the touching observances of that season he had so peculiarly made his own. And remembering at least this portion of his work, and its effect on the common heart of humanity, I could but utter above him, changing a single word, the beautiful aspiration of one of his truest characters: "Lord, keep his memory green!"

And I quoted him again, quite as fervently, two or three nights later, when seeing some of his Christmas characters come up in the very breathing flesh, in the playing of the "Christmas Carol" at one of the leading theatres. I saw, over again, the fearful lesson read to Scrooge, the miser, of the end that remained for the griping and pitiless; I saw Bob Cratchit make a luxurious Christmas feast out of such scanty materials, because he *banqueted from within*; and I felt that the author had been uttering, from his heart, words that the whole world should be echoing as they fell from the lips of poor little Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!"

But this brings me, naturally, to those theatrical performances of the season, with a brief glance at which my London Christmas must fade away into the past, like the day which has already joined the "years beyond the flood."

Unlike the American habit, again, there are no theatrical performances in London on Christmas Day or evening: the people would join the Lord Chamberlain in refusing to tolerate what they regard as such a desecration, just as they would if some one of the courts should hold a session on Good Friday. But the whole city, or at least the popular element in it, is standing, that day, like a hound held in leash, waiting to be let go; and every one of the theatres, not running some piece too profitable to allow of its being taken off, has a pantomime ready: the title oftenest taken from Mother Goose or some equally erudite authority—the end of it, after half a yard of other words, the more ridiculous the better, being "Harlequin" something or other. On the next night after Christmas, or the next week-day night if the festival has chanced to occur on Saturday—comes "Boxing Night," when all the theatres reopen, with the new or old attractions, the whole city going as mad over the affair as ever did the Venetians of old over the carnival. Everybody, below a certain rank in life, rushes to the theatre on that evening, as if there would never be another theatrical performance to the very end of time,—until twice the capacity of each house is the average limit of admissions, and three times its proper capacity no rarity.

Very many of the new pieces thus produced, except in the details of scenery, dresses, "legs" (lately), and blue-and-red-fire, are among the very worst imaginable. But my personal experiences, on the "Boxing Night" in question, were quite sufficient to demonstrate that the entertainment, as to character or interest, is nothing, and that the habit of going on that night is everything! On that occasion I nearly sacrificed my valuable life (valuable to *me!*) in the effort to force my way into first one and then another of three leading houses—then succeeded in entering a fourth, in the gallery, and from thence saw "Boxing Night" within-doors, as I had already seen quite enough of it without.

Such a pack! It is simply impossible to describe it, or even to imagine it. The Old Bowery of New York, in the days of Tom Hamblin or on a J. R. Scott benefit-night, was nothing to it. The stalls and more costly boxes were fairly full of people of the better condition; but the two-shilling places were jammed; and the one-shilling—pit and gallery—were a seething and squirming mass of humanity, beginning with the shopmen and tradesmen classes, and running down to the lowest capable of raising the requisite coin—value, something less than a specie quarter of American money. Hard-faced workmen, with their wives and all the children they could manage to lug in with them; girls of every degree below the rank of gentility, with their "young men;" young women, unaccompanied, and yet many of them entirely respectable in their classes; foot-

men and coachmen with their female fellow-servants—of course both for the time in mufti; undetected members of the swell-mob, on the look-out for victims; bumpkins from the country, wide-mouthed and haw-hawing; dog-fanciers and rat-catchers; and, to be brief, every class making up the lower-middle and lower strata of the community. Out of the perhaps three thousand people, at least five or six hundred children—many of them infants in arms, as the debarring of them would shut out the mothers and thus unforgivably outrage the Constitution. All the children unruly, many of them whimpering, and no small proportion bawling, amid slappings, and cuffings, and scolding orders that might as well have been addressed to the individual members of a basket of eels.

Amid this formidable mass, crowdings; pushings; unauthorized appropriations of seats, with the slight altercations following; interchanges of the not-too-delicate London street-wit; calls from one acquaintance to another, by name, at an inconvenient distance; tearings of clothes, and knockings off of hats, with those amiable remarks as to the past family and present standing of the aggressor, usually succeeding such accidents; cat-calls; slang directions hurled at the curtain and the tardy stage-management; imitations, with the mouth, of various wind-instruments; singings of short staves of popular airs, etc., etc. Add to these, twenty to thirty bar-maids, above stairs and below, except in the most exclusive portions of the house, calling out, in different keys of shrillness: "Any refreshments? Ale, beer, or lemonade?"—and handing over those potables to people in their seats, with the popping of corks, the clinking and breaking of glasses, and the expostulations of the non-buyers at having the beer or lemonade spilt over them: all these duly imagined and then multiplied by ten, may give a faint idea of the quiet paradise of a London theatre on "Boxing Night," before the commencement of the pantomime and between the acts, with fragmentary portions running through the performance.

It is by no means an eclectic scene, the one thus last presented, from the wondrous drama of a London Christmas; but there is certainly nothing in the people and the time, more forcibly recalling itself to remembrance; and there is one excuse for dwelling upon it at greater length than some of the preceding characteristics—that fewer Americans, probably, have looked upon that peculiar phase of London amusement, than upon anything else thus called into notice. Christmas, in something like its present shape, will no doubt linger in the great metropolis while the very stones of St. Paul's endure; and when it passes away, the last thing to disappear will almost certainly be "Boxing Night," with its crowds, its rough jollities, and its pantomimes founded on the most ridiculous trifles in the language.

—Henry Morford.

#### DEAD DAYS.

OUR summers are but burial-places, where  
We lay to rest the sweet days as they die, —  
Softening their outline with love's rosemary,  
And memory's lavender, and all of rare  
Tokens to keep them fair.

Our winters are the vaults whose ice-fringed cells  
Shut in still other confined days, for whom,  
When borne and left amid their frozen gloom,  
White-spriced flakes (in place of lily-bells)  
Tinkle their muffled knells.

We bury them, and sigh, with bowing head,  
Submissive else: The tender days *must* go;  
For they are earthly-born, and perish so:  
Yet by what augury hath any said  
That they are *wholly* dead?

The short, child-meted grave o'er which we yearn  
Even yet, — the empty bird's-nest filled with snows, —  
The leafless bough, — the spring that comes and goes, —  
Teach resurrection lessons, each in turn,  
Which we are quick to learn.

Our days die thus: — and we, — their lives withdrawn, —  
Like other mourners, fail of faith's control,  
Forgetful that each memory is the soul  
Of a dead day, such as in summers gone,  
'Mid rosemary sleeps on.

And when they meet us yonder, face to face,  
After their resurrection, — shall we then  
Hail them with greet and welcome once again,  
Companions of our blessedness always, —  
Dear, risen, deathless days?

— Margaret J. Preston.



VIEW FROM PROSPECT ROCK, DELAWARE WATER GAP.—J. D. WOODWARD.

*A DAUGHTER OF CLEOPATRA.*

MANY a man of later days—and possibly many a woman—has asked the question: "What could there have been in that dusky, dark-browed Egyptian queen to enchain the fickle affections of Cæsar and lead Antony on to his ruin and his death?" But look at the Wallachian girl, as she stands to-day in our picture, and find an answer to the question! For such a one as she, dusky and dark-browed as she is, another Antony might easily lose another world and be happy enough in the costly investment, even although the tendency of the time is to succumb entirely to the Anglo-Saxon type and taste, and what a graphic writer well designates as the "blonde uncombed order" of beauty. Michelet, the French philosopher, boldly asserts that the warmest love and the truest endurance lie with the dark-haired

and dark-eyed,—though many others hold a widely different opinion, and cling to the blonde and blue-eyed with quite equal tenacity and devotion. This fine picture is by John S. Davis, after Vernet-Le-compte, French medallist in 1846, 1863 and 1864.

*DELAWARE WATER-GAP SCENERY.*

WE present, this month, three pictures of scenery at and about the Delaware Water Gap, in the opinion of many among the most thoroughly satisfactory of any similar range on the continent. The readers of *THE ALDINE*, and its corresponding clientelle of art-lovers, are indebted, for these, to the capable pencil of Mr. J. D. Woodward, who has entered upon his task lovingly and with a full appreciation of his opportunity. The most important of the views is the "Delaware Water Gap, from the North;" the second

is "Mount Tammany, from Prospect Rock;" and the third is "A Spur of Mount Tammany." No *habitué* of this charming section but will be pleasantly reminded of enjoyable summer journeys, looking at the calm river of the first, with the children in the boats, the raft conveying the idea of the farther northward lumber interest, and the whole scene as beautiful as peaceful; while many who have never yet explored that near paradise of summer, may be induced to do so from the glimpses thus caught as at a distance. Not less instructed pleasure, meanwhile, will be found in the two other pictures, the one conveying a better idea than could otherwise be obtained of Mount Tammany, the grander of the two guardians of the pass, its ravines and the cloud and shadow effects with which it seems to be nearly always sporting,—and the other changing the world, as it were, with the aspects of moving and rising mist, among



A SPUR OF TAMMANY, DELAWARE WATER GAP.—J. D. WOODWARD.

the fine pine-trees of the section—always thoroughly enjoyable in a picture as well as in the reality.

It is a fact not too creditable to the body of American travelers, and worth setting down that the fault may be corrected—that the mountains of Pennsylvania are far less known and visited than many of the American ranges at much greater distance, and even less than many of the European ranges, while they may be said to vie in beauty with any others upon earth, and to have, in many sections, features of grandeur entitling them to eminent rank. Few passes on either continent are intrinsically finer than the break made by the Delaware, changing at that point from the narrow, rushing character of the Upper, to the broader calmness of the Lower, between the rugged Tammany and Blockhead, on the east, or New Jersey side, and Minsi (supposed to be abbreviated from "Minisink,") on the Pennsylvania side. No finer view of a mountain range from a distance

can be caught anywhere in America, than that of the Gap Mountains at early evening, say from Manunka-chunk, some miles away below on the Jersey side; and not even the Alps, at a corresponding hour, can boast of finer purples than gradually creep over that landscape in the evenings of autumn. And the glory by no means fades on a nearer approach; for there are glens and pools, and mossy ravines, in the heart of Minsi (much better known as Kittatinny), scarcely if at all to be equaled elsewhere, in any length of travel. "Venus' Bath" (often and improperly called "Diana's Bath") may challenge any similar combination of pool and grotto within the knowledge of the oldest traveler; and the ascent of the "Rebecca Water-Course," to the top of the mountain from the vicinity of the Kittatinny House, gives a sensation entirely alone of its kind: while scarcely less can be said of "Rebecca's Bath," beautiful little "Caldeno Falls," and many another resort of the Kittatinny,

only known to true nature-lovers, even of those who sojourn among the mountains of the Delaware.

Not only the nature-lover, by the way, has his scope for observation and thought at the Water Gap. The scientist has something to do, and is almost certain to do it, if he lingers there for any considerable period. He may not have quite decided how Niagara comes to be where it is—whether it was originally in the same place, or down at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; but he will find himself joining in the scientific speculations of the past half-century, as to whether the Water Gap was made so at Creation; whether it changed to be what it is, at the Flood; or whether some immense freshet broke through the barriers once standing across the way, and let out what had been the waters of an immense inland lake, to form the Lower Delaware and swell the volume of the Delaware Bay, one of the noblest estuaries of the whole Atlantic coast.

## ABREAST WITH THE STORM.

"CROUCH by your warm hearth-fire,  
Carry your bare bones nigher,  
Ye weaker son of a weakly sire!"  
So spake old Storm as he slammed the door  
With a rousing roar.  
Huge was his grizzled form,  
This mad old Storm!"

"Hail to your worship, sir,  
Set the whole world a-stir,—  
And blow us back to the things that were;  
I'll with ye all of Creation o'er."  
And we passed the door:  
"Now for it, arm-in-arm,  
My mad old Storm!"

Out on the frozen ground,  
Whizzing the rough road round,  
In rhythmic stride to the wild-wind sound—  
In whirling leaps to the tempest-tide:  
"We are side by side,  
Taking it arm-in-arm,  
My mad old Storm!"

Crushing the mountain's crown,  
Swooping the valley down,  
Among the steeples that peak the town,  
Along the rivers by wood and plain:  
"Tis together pain  
Findeth us, arm-in-arm,  
My mad old Storm!"

Felling the tall trees fast,  
Tumbling all things we passed,  
Men's houses, yea their gray tombs at last.  
"Confusion curse the poor people's sleep,  
Hurl their homes a-heap!"  
Howled he—still arm-in-arm,  
This mad old Storm!

Miles and more miles away,  
Marching to meet the day,  
"On, on, old Storm, for there's no delay—  
Steer straight—you stagger and slack your speed,  
To your steps give heed—  
Hold to it, arm-in-arm,  
My mad old Storm!"

"Howl!—why, your voice grows thin:  
Tramp!—why your knees give in:  
What!—Slain by sinner that's steeped in sin?—  
The earth and air, and the sea are His—  
'Tis in Genesis—  
Man has you arm-in-arm,  
My poor old Storm!"

"Crouch in your forest lair,  
Hover ye shapeless there,  
Ye crazy child of the homeless air!  
Near by some hearth for a friend doth glow,  
With His word I go,—  
More is in Man than form,  
My lorn old Storm!" —John Vance Cheney.

## LOST LILLIAN BRACY;

## A TRADITION OF CHARLES II'S TIME.

## CHAPTER VI.—(CONCLUDED).

BUT even in the midst of her own suffering and shame, Maude Bracy was too true a woman not to feel for the fears and awkwardnesses of others; and the genuine motherly instinct, so long defrauded, came out in the words immediately following, and addressed to the shrinking and courtesying Letty Bryce:

"Do not be frightened, my poor girl: no one will harm you."

To which the reply came, with another awkward courtesy, but in a voice that seemed as soft-toned and capable of cultivation as it was really rude and boorish in manner:

"Noa, ma'am; 'ee be so kind and good, like, I be not feared of 'ee—noa!"

With a very different regard fell the next words of Walter Bracy, who beckoned the poor girl, with an imperative gesture, to approach him more nearly, but who scarcely reassured her by his masterful speech:

"Come here, wench! What are we?—bears, that you tremble thus?"

"Noa, measter," came the reply, in the same unmanaged, musical voice: "There doan't be any bears here, belike; but you be all so fine and grand, and I be so poor and common, that I be sort o' feared like."

"Pshaw!" spoke Bracy, with one more of his habitual expressions of impatience. "Hold up your head and be a woman! What did that hussy say was your name?"

"Letty Bryce, measter. We be poor people—oh, wounchy poor, 'yond Oldham; and feyther he do have

lost his cow, and the hayrick be burned, and the baby be sick, and—"

Once more there was an unspoken word below the utterance of the master, and it shaped itself into a repetition of that so lately indulged but unvented: "Beautiful!—even more so than I thought! Once rid of that dirt and those rags, and she would be a queen!" But he only uttered, aloud, the words of interruption and inquiry:

"There—that will do! You seek service, they say."

"Ees, measter, if 'ee please!" with another bobbing courtesy of awkwardness; and then an attempted repetition of the story that must be told: "The baby be sick, and feyther he be discouraged, like; we be so wounchy poor, and—"

"That will do, I tell you! No more of your father, or the cow, or the baby!" again curtly interrupted Walter Bracy. "You seek service—that is enough. You shall find it, and at once. Mistress Bracy will attach you to her household—eh, Maude?" The latter words, with a partial turning toward the crushed wife, and a leer that seemed to supplement and complete all the former insults.

"Yes, Walter," was all that Maude Bracy could utter, in her choking throat; while below the breath there went up one more mute protest to heaven in the hushed cry of shame and agony: "Oh, this degradation!—this degradation!"

Another awkward courtesy from the recipient of so much doubtful kindness, and another attempt to complete the forbidden story:

"Ees, measter and mistress; I do thank 'ee, very kindly. For feyther he do have lost his cow, and we be so wounchy poor, like—"

"Confusion! How many times more, wench, will you repeat that homily!" thundered the harsh voice of the master. "While you are within Bracy's Hope look you that you obey my will, without needing even twice bidding! Do you hear me, girl?"

Another bobbing courtesy, and an assurance that gave no certainty whatever of the whole melancholy story not being told at some early period: "Ees, measter!" the lips shaping themselves into the hindered additional words: "Feyther he do have lost his cow, and the hayrick be burned, and the baby be sick, and we be so wounchy poor, and—" the rest as yet only imaginable.

Walter Bracy only heard the assurance of obedience, and replied with an order that embraced both mistress and servant, as he strode toward the door:

"Remember it, then! Maude Bracy, see that she has a cot and a trencher. For the rest, I will look that Nelly Biggin has her orders."

He was gone; and the poor wife stood for a moment in silence, the new servant before her, in corresponding silence and an awkwardness that seemed almost phenomenal. And as Maude Bracy stood, through her heart and mind there ran a line of that harrowing thought so common to the overmatched and the helpless: "From what a pit of degradation might I save both this girl and myself, if I but dared to send her away—away, where Walter Bracy might never set evil eye on her again! But my fate—my fate! No, no, it may not be! I must suffer on, even to the end, which God send quickly!" Then to the subject of her impotent thought, with the same motherly instinct that had before marked her address to her:

"My poor girl—you want service, to aid your poor father. I fear me that you have sought it in an ill place and time; but you must not go homeless and friendless; so even as my husband has said, I will attach you to my household—my household!—oh Father in heaven!"

Oblivious, now, that she spoke before the wondering servant—overwrought with the tension of the last hour on nerve and brain—sick unto death, of life and all that it contained—even as she spoke the last word, the mistress of Bracy's Hope dropped her graying head between her two hands, and burst into choking sobs and bitter tears.

It is not too clearly that we hear and see through the storm of sobs and the rain of tears; and there would seem to be certain strange hallucinations possible, in connection with such a state of physical feeling; for, had she not known to the contrary, Maude Bracy would have sworn, the moment after, that the ragged, awkward, clownish waif standing in her presence, had changed to be entirely another person—that it had seized her hand, dropped on knee, and said, in a gentle and pitiful voice, bearing no trace of the broken speech of 'yond Oldham:

"Oh, mistress, you are wretched—very, very wretched! Let me be near you, aid you, comfort you, love you!"

So strong was the impression that something like this had occurred, however impossible, that Maude Bracy absolutely started back, dropping her hands from her face, with the surprised exclamation:

"Heavens, what is this? Was it you, Letty, who spoke and so strangely, even now?"

But all was changed again, even in that instant. The poor girl, as it seemed, had indeed been on her knees, and was rising, with due awkwardness, replying, in the broadest speech, to her words of wonder:

"Ees, mistress—'ee do seem to cry so wounchy sad, like! Doan't 'ee cry; and Letty will be ever so handy about 'ee, 'ee can't think."

"Heavens, could I have been so deceived? Alas, yes, my troubles must have half distraught me!" mused the tortured wife, in her bewilderment; then nerving herself with an effort, as so many times before, for the duties of life and the day, she said: "Come, then, my good girl; we will to the larder and the laundry, and you shall be busied at once."

"Ees, if 'ee will be so doleful good, mistress. 'Ee makes poor I so happy as I could cry too. Let poor Letty earn the bread she do eat, and she will work for 'ee night and day, mistress."

Such were the words that came from the soiled red lips of the baby face, as Letty Bryce followed her mistress toward the servants' offices; but the atmosphere of the Hope would seem, at that special period, to have been favorable to monologue and rumination, for even this girl fell into the mood as she pursued the steps of her new and sorrowful mistress; and something of what Maude Bracy knew never could have been, came into actuality in the words in this instance kept under the breath by the young girl, yet formed and half-uttered:

"Heaven forgive me this deception, even against a poor and suffering woman! And yet, why should it be against her? What change would be other than for the better, for one so torn and trampled? No—perchance she may yet come to know me as her good angel: I may yet shield and save her, when the ruin falls on the spoiler!"

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PLOT AGAINST A KING'S LIFE.

In the old hall of Bracy's Hope sat the three Fifth-Monarchy men whom we have seen, not many days ago, leaving the festivities of the May-pole and wending toward their rendezvous at Waltham. The hour was late at night—so late as to approach midnight; and yet each of these strange guests at the Hope, as he sat at table in the middle of the dark apartment, around which the two rushlights from the table glimmered dimly on faded picture and rusty armor decking the sombre walls—each wore his hat and kept sword buckled to his side, as a man who had lived in troublous times and doubtful deeds, and knew not at what moment there might be call to set down goblet and grasp blade. Men to be feared, then, even as they had been when seen under the light of the May-day sun: but men to be undervalued and despised—never!

Strange guests, as already said, these, at Bracy's Hope: far stranger would they have been in the days before its decadence, and when cavalier loyalty was the highest distinction of good Sir Everard. That they were no idle revelers, was only too certain, albeit there were glasses on the table, and wine shone redly in the lamp-light, through the bulb of a huge decanter half demijohn, standing between them. That there was some fearful and evil work boded by their presence, others than Maude Bracy might have well believed, looking on the sanctimonious scowl on the face of Brintnall, on the half-hidden ruffianism of that of Whelpley, and the rough defiance which no training among the methodical roundheads had been able to efface from that of "tough John Carver."

They had been sitting in silence, for a time, as if in waiting, and indeed listening. And it was Whelpley who first spoke, with a certain impatience in his tone.

"It must be near midnight. What evil chance hindereth our host to this hour?"

"Our host!" echoed Carver, with something very like contempt in his utterance, though it was notable that at that moment he spoke lower than his wont, albeit forgetting or disregarding his companions and his profession, enough to use one of the worst

interdicted words of the so-called malignants. "Our host! — 'sdeath, man, you have a mild mode of stating the position. Methinks we hold nearly as good a title to be 'hosts' in Bracy's Hope, as he! If this enterprise succeeds, my masters, and the reprobate Charles Stuart dies, we hold him, and the wealth that may yet remain to him, in our hands. If it fail, his ruined fortunes must drive him hence ere the next harvest, even if fear of the headsman do not send him away before the next cock-crow! — and then, who less 'host' here than he? — eh, brother Brintnall?"

"Natheless, I like not this place without his presence," was the reply of Brintnall, ignoring the words of Carver, and only adding: "He should have escaped all prying eyes by this time, and there is that for to-night which may not brook delay."

"Hark! is not that his step, even now, without?" suggested Whelpley.

"It should be — yes, he comes at last," responded Carver; and even as he spoke the door behind them opened with a certain care and little noise, and Walter Bracy entered, closing and locking it behind him with the same caution so foreign to his nature.

"You are something late, Master Bracy," was the quiet comment of Whelpley, as the host threw off his hat with a quick gesture, and flung himself into one of the heavy leathern chairs at the table.

"Yes! — curses on the prying eyes with which one can not help being surrounded!" was the moody reply. "I have those about me whom I trust not — of my own name though they be."

"Ah, sons and daughters of Belial, even in the households of the elect!" whined Brintnall, with an elevation of the hands and eyes, apparently kept in abeyance for the new-comer.

"Bah! — no more of this, brother Brintnall! We have no malignants near us, now; and the truth to one another, however we may hoodwink the ungodly!" was the half-sneering comment of Carver.

"So say I!" spoke the strong voice of Walter Bracy, falling hoarse, as it had a habit of doing under certain excitements. "My house may for the day harbor foes to me and mine; but trust me to cut them off when it is time."

Not seldom is it that we reckon, not only "without our host," but without even possessing the data upon which to found a calculation; and had either John Carver or Walter Bracy been keen enough of eye to see into the gloom wrapping the head of the winding, broad oaken stair sweeping up from the farther end of the old hall, or sharp enough of ear to detect the sound of a footfall of almost childish lightness, in the same direction — then assuredly there had been no boast on the part of the Fifth-Monarchy man, of the absence of all malignants; then assuredly had the master of Bracy's Hope paused before he threatened to sweep away, even in blood, the foes to his projects who might be of his own household!

"Time presses," at length said Whelpley, with an urgent movement. "Will you confer on the great event, Master Bracy, which presses sharply?"

"Yes, and at once!" was the quick reply. "Have you the plan in due arrangement?"

"Yea, have we," whined Brintnall, taking a thin packet of broad papers from his doublet, and spreading them out upon the table — "the plan which shall once more free England from her direct curse, the men of blood who would reign over her. We have assurance that the man Charles Stuart will make a progress to Watford, on the seventh day from the present, with the chief nobles of his accursed court. White, Aldhurst and Parker have conferred with ten of the elect, who will lie hidden in the wood beyond Watford Heath; and when the seed of the tyrant, Charles and James, pass on their way thither, there will be a bloody reckoning for the hanging of the body of the Lord Protector."

"Humph!" said Walter Bracy, examining the opened papers of the plan, though with no great care — "trust ye yourselves for the arrangement, which may be of the best, for all that I know. But your ten: can you vouch for their mettle? — for not all can escape, if any; and no triflers may be trusted with our necks and their own."

"Good men and true, as ever butchered a cavalier!" was the blunt assurance of Carver.

"Four of them were of Ireton's regiment at Naseby, and will sing a psalm of the true faith, even as they fire at the men of blood," corroborated Whelpley.

"Fools! they had better save their breath to run away withal, when they have done their work!" roughly commented Walter Bracy; then adding: "So

much for the plan: have you the bond, without which I stir not one step in the matter?"

"Aye, it is here," replied Whelpley, in his turn taking papers from his doublet, and throwing them upon the table, where they were at once grasped by Bracy, and examined with much more care than had been the others.

"Humph!" running down the list with his eye, and counting the names appended. "Yes, methinks they are all here, except your own names and mine. There!" and he grasped a pen from the ready ink-horn and dashed down a signature bold enough though nervous. "There! — I am not all a fool, my masters, and I know that the risk is a desperate one, yet I dare it. I have staked enough, aye, lost enough, thanks to you and others! Let my head go upon the same cast!"

"Aye, your head, but our necks!" said Carver, with his habitual boldness, as he seized the pen and scrawled the half-illegible name of the soldier beneath the other. "Your head, Master Bracy, because you are gentle; but the hangman to busy himself with us, who are of the people: mark you the difference?"

"Nay, what difference, for the one death or the other?" whined Brintnall, slowly and laboriously affixing his signature. "But we have nought to do with this: the men of blood must be cut off, and the saints possess the earth."

"Aye, one more distribution of the lands of the malignants, when the people, and not the king, shall have their own again!" concluded Whelpley, his coarse face ablaze with greed, as he signed an even less intelligible name than his companions.

"And now," said Walter Bracy, rising, "take you the plan again, Master Brintnall, for I need none of it. For this — in yonder oaken chest, well locked, it will lie safely, till quick time shall bring it to use. Drink, all of us, in this Burgundy, red as the blood that may soon flow for this night's work." And he filled the goblets and each grasped one as he spoke: "Drink, all of us, to the hand that can strike and the grip that can hold!"

"Methinks a scarcely Christian sentiment, and yet we must needs drink to it — eh, brother Brintnall!" half-sneered John Carver, even as he emptied his huge goblet; while the others drank more slowly, more ominously, and in silence, to a coming deed of dastardly crime, calculated to let loose the scourge of civil war once more in Merry England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE MISTLETOE.

"THERE'S a poor bird in trouble!" exclaimed my cousin John, in sympathetic tone, pointing to the lower branches of a chestnut-tree near at hand. A bird, evidently a stranger, and probably a migrant from a distance, was perched upon a small offshoot from the trunk, and seemed to be engaged in almost spasmodic efforts to relieve its bill from something white.

After succeeding apparently to its satisfaction, it winged its way to another tree, leaving the white speck distinctly visible on the branch where it had been sitting. Fortunately for our curiosity, a ladder, used by the young folks during chestnut gathering, had been left leaning against the tree, and we climbed it to ascertain the cause of the bird's trouble. The white speck proved to be a berry of the mistletoe, denuded of its tough skin, and flattened by the wiping of the bird's bill so that its viscid slime plastered the seed close against the bark.

"That bird has been unintentionally planting a seed for next year's growth," said my wise cousin John; "and whoever wishes to see how a mistletoe can provide itself with sap without any soil in which to strike its roots, and without any roots to strike into the soil, will have here a fine chance for doing so."

I took the hint and watched the history of that plant. This incident occurred during the Christmas holidays of 1862, which my cousin spent with me at my home in Northern Georgia. A few weeks afterward, I ascended the ladder again to note the progress made. The slime of the berry had dried to almost stony hardness, cementing the flat seed firmly to the smooth bark of the twig.

The next spring the seed germinated. The dried slime still held it fast, while a little greenish-white rootlet, shaped like a tiny bent finger, was boring its way through the bark to the underlying sap, and a pair of delicate green leaves burst from the opened

seed and peeped into the sunny air. In the course of time pair after pair of leaves appeared, each leaf being on the side of the stem opposite to its fellow, and each pair in succession standing at right angles to the preceding pair. The twigs which afterward came out, followed the same order as the leaves, sprouting in fact from their axils.

It is now eleven years since the bird planted that seed, for this article dates from the Christmas holidays of 1873. Dear cousin John has long since passed away, but the mistletoe-bough continued growing until yesterday, when it was struck from its place by a falling limb, and it now lies on the table before me. It is a beautiful thing, — so beautiful that although I am doing my best to give it a temporary immortality by means of words, I detect a frequent and almost irresistible wandering of my eyes from the paper to gaze upon its graceful form and delicate tinting.

The color of the entire plant, from root to terminal bud, including leaf, twig, bough, bark and all, is of that soft hue known as yellow-green. The only departure from this universal color is to be found in the now ripe berries, which appear in pleasing contrast among the leaves in clusters like small lustrous pearls. These clusters, like the leaves and branches, are also in pairs, on opposite sides of the twigs. The peduncles, or footstalks, on which the berries closely sit in double pairs, are usually about three-fourths of an inch long, supporting two, three, or more tiers, of four berries each. The berries are very tenacious of place, and will hold on all winter, if not disturbed. They are very small, each tier forming a square, of only half an inch to the side. So graceful is this combination of form and color that all who look upon it are ready to exclaim — albeit they have seen the like a thousand times — Oh, how beautiful! — and to set a sprig of it as a chief attraction amid the richer hues of a flower-vase.

The leaves are fleshy, stiff and brittle, one and a half inches in length by half that in breadth, and oval in shape, sharpening toward the pedicel. The wood also is brittle; so is the bark; indeed everything about the plant is so, except the tough, viscous berries.

Taking the whole plant together, as it appears upon our forest trees, its normal shape is that of a very perfect globe, the diameter of which is usually two feet or less, though one is visible at this moment, near the top of a tall oak, that will probably measure a yard or more in diameter. The foliage is quite dense, and being an evergreen, these rich-looking spheres in the dead of winter contrasting with the gray, leafless branches of the trees on which they grow, strike the beholder as being not only singular but singularly beautiful.

Since writing the above I have dissected and closely examined the limb of which the parasite had taken possession, with a view to tracing the progress of the mistletoe-roots, and the effect which the unnatural growth had upon the natural limb.

Before dissection, the eye decided upon three very manifest divisions. First, the part of the limb occupied by the mistletoe, — this included only about four inches. Secondly, the part, about a foot in length, between the mistletoe and the trunk. Thirdly, the extremity of the limb, extending about two feet beyond the mistletoe. Each of these portions presented an unnatural appearance. Part first was a knob, fist-like in shape, though only an inch and a quarter in diameter, tapering toward the tree. Part second was natural enough but for the fact that at its middle it was two-thirds of an inch in diameter, and from that point increased in size both ways. Part third, which ought to have been nearly the size of part second, was a slender switch, not much exceeding a large wheat straw, and was perfectly dead, evidently starved to death by the ruthless robber of its sap.

These portions were then cut by a saw across the fibre, and smoothly pared to display the concentric rings, — each ring showing a year's growth. The ages of parts second and third were fourteen and twelve years respectively, but the rings in part third were so thin and closely packed, in consequence of the interception by the mistletoe of the nourishment due to them, that they could scarcely be distinguished. Part first, — the knob, — was a strangely mixed mass of rings of chestnut wood permeated by irregular deposits of mistletoe.

The roots of the parasite — if roots they may be called — were curious to behold, being shapeless patches of a greenish-white something, neither wood nor bark, some of which were an inch long in one di-



LOVE'S OFFICES.—A. SIEGERT.

rection, then turned into another. Most of this non-descript matter lay imbedded in the alburnum, or sap-wood, some of it penetrating into the thickened bark of the chestnut; but as a rule the blunt, spongy end, almost wormlike in its glossy toughness, occupying just that place between the bark and the wood, where it could most certainly imbibe the sap to be expected next spring. To attain this position, it was necessary that it should bore its way every year through a stratum of overlying wood; and this it seems to have done; for in most cases the ends of the roots point outward from the interior. No roots could be traced by the knife or chisel farther than three or four inches from the base of the plant; but in the pith of the chestnut the dark stain of the mis-

tletoe-sap could be discerned an inch or so farther. The above details apply to the bough examined.

The mistletoe will grow upon almost any tree on which its seed is deposited, except such as have a resinous sap, like the pine, cedar, and juniper. Its favorite resort in this climate is the chestnut and the oak, between which its preference seems to be about equally divided. Of the oaks, the red is the greatest favorite in this neighborhood, though upon the seaboard it is not unusual to see some of the water-oaks so perfectly monopolized by luxuriant globes of mistletoe as to have all the effect in winter of beautiful evergreens. Of course the robbery of the sap committed by the intruder, and the refusal to send down woody fibre toward the ground, must more or less

affect the thrift of the tree; and the progress of this robbery beyond a certain limit must result in its death.

It is said that the leaves and bark when dried and pulverized are sometimes used by physicians in cases of epilepsy; and also that its exceedingly viscid berry can be used as a natural bird-lime. But outside of these two reputed uses there is no other to which it is known to be applied. Most frugivorous birds would probably eat its berry if they dared, for besides being quite nutritious, it is far from being unpalatable even to human taste; but besides the mistletoe-bird (known also as the wax-bird, the cedar-bird, and the Kentucky rice-bird), which eats it voraciously, most of the feathered tribe avoid it, perhaps from



THE APPOINTMENT.—OTTO ERDMANN.

the fear of having their bills glued together, as seems to have been the case with the one which planted our seed in 1862.

—F. R. Goulding.

*"FISHERMAN'S LUCK."*

SUCH luck! He is a cousin, of course—that interesting and dangerous degree that blends the lover and the brother into a one which is neither, and yet may be made to serve for either, as occasion demands. Certes his lines are cast in pleasant places, as witness his successes on land or water! That the fishing of the past hour has not been all waiting for nothing, is made evident by the flapping and wriggling beauties in the pail, at the present moment de-

lighting the soul of the youngster; and the attitudes of all the remainder of the party show that the "luck" is not yet all over. There is a ripple of the pool, a twinkling stir of the little float, lying just beyond the vision of the spectator. Something is evidently meddling with the tempting bait; and perhaps there may be another flapping and squirming fellow in the pail before the minutes are many. The young woman in the picture, to judge from the glance of her anxious eye, sees more than this mere piscatory operation, and is drawing an omen as to the success of *her* venture, in which "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles" supply that temptation known as "love-bait." Let us hope that the venture may be successful and all parties delighted.

*TWO CHARMING SCENES.*

IT is not often our privilege to present two pictures more thoroughly admirable than "Love's Offices" and "The Appointment," in the present number: the first so well telling the story of the pretty serving-maid literally "stuffing" her soldier-lover with good things, in something of a hurry against being caught; and the second conveying quite as plainly the fact, in the anxious face of the lady (not too young, by the way, and only moderately bewitching), the pleased importance in the face of the Abigail, and the letter held in hiding, that a meeting is in prospect, which would not be too palatable to "my lord" if he should chance to learn of it.

## A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I ASK one little boon  
Of the New Year:  
May I through all its days  
Carry some cheer  
To those who sit in gloom,  
Weeping for loss;  
To hearts that slowly break  
Under a cross.

I who have left my dead,  
With none to care;  
I who have wept alone,  
Facing despair,—  
Would gladly sweeten lives,  
And make them dear—  
This little boon I ask  
Of the New Year.

They best can serve the gods  
Their errands run,  
Who call no love their own,  
Under the sun.  
Let me bear help to want,  
And hope to fear:  
I ask no other boon  
Of the New Year.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

## ONE LITTLE PURITAN.

My great-great-grandmother, whom, never having seen, I can not describe, once found this record of a life that was lived out long before she was born. She found it among relics of old colony days. The sunbeams of a morning long past flickered through the garret cobwebs onto her and over the then musty, worm-eaten treasures. Out of the leaves of a journal of Puritan times, she read page after page which seemed to fill the air about her as with the faint, sweet fragrance of pressed wild roses. My grandmother is to me, in turn, a memoir of antiquity, yet the little journal has not quite crumbled into dust—there is left to it yet a suggestion of odor and of color. Only if you put it by a story of to-day, it will be like the ghost of a white violet in the hot presence of a heavy-breathed, blood-red tulip.

## HOPE ALLERTON'S DIURNAL.

*Southampton, August 5th, 1620.* All things being made ready, we shall, by the good providence of God, set sail to-day. It is matter of much sadness unto Aunt Priscilla, as also unto myself, that sundry of our near friends are in the lesser ship. We have, however, great hope that both ships shall sail unto a pleasant country; and that we shall salute our friends upon dry land once more. My thoughts go back to those we left at Delft Haven and at Amsterdam, and my heart is heavy that I shall no more look upon their faces. Philip Mather hath talked much with me of late. I find it not wise to think too long upon his words, for that they cause me distraction of mind, albeit there is a certain sweetness in the recollecting of them. He saith that he shall sorrow for my departure, yet he asketh me not to stay, neither doth he make as if he would himself go. I have need to pray more, for I find within me movements of vain pride. It pleaseth me overmuch that Master Philip hath likened my tearful eyes to the blue heart's-ease with dew thereon.

*August 10th.* It was cause for great surprise to me to find that of a truth Philip Mather was to sail with us; yet when I found him of our company I made little mention of my thoughts: only I have said unto Prudence Tinker certain sharp words that trouble me to remember, the more not only because they were not kind, but that there was therein the shadow of an untruth.

She said: "Tell me, I pray thee, why, at the last, Master Mather hath come with us?"

"I know not," I answered, for I liked not her black eyes to so look through me. "Am I my brother's keeper?" I have sinned in the letter by perverting the words of Holy Scripture; also in the spirit by allowing anger entrance into my soul. It was meet that Prudence Tinker should humble me by the answer: "Nay, nay, Hope! I trow it is not at all as thy brother thou desirest to keep him."

Prudence Tinker hath an handsome countenance, and many times her words are smoother than butter; yet I feel not drawn out unto her in my affections.

*August 20th.* Aunt Priscilla watcheth over me and I have no need of father or mother care. To be right *truthful*, I could wish that she guarded me not so strictly. From daybreak even unto the going down of the sun, she letteth me not out of her sight.

I am now again joyful in my spirit. I mourn not, neither do I greatly miss the friends left behind me. I had thought to be weighed down with heaviness upon their account. I made mention of this to Philip last night, as for a moment I met him on the deck. He was pleased, wherefore I know not; moreover, he said: "Peradventure thou broughtest thy best friends with thee." I thought of Aunt Priscilla, partly because she is my best friend, and also for that I did expect she must in a moment appear, as most assuredly she did; and looked not lovingly upon me either. She reproacheth me for light-headedness in so talking to Master Mather—yet I have her word that she disliketh him not.

*Cape Cod, November 11th, 1620.* After long beating at sea, we have fell in with the land called "Cape Cod." Philip Mather saith it is so called as they take much fish. We are not a little joyful at having come safe to land, as our ships did meet with many bad winds, and in places did leak, which put us to great fear. Ofttimes we did cry out like Peter: "Lord save, or we perish." Also many of us were in a bad state by reason of boisterous storms which caused our inward parts to heave and toss like the very waves of the sea, always filling our mouths with bitterness.

*December 6th, 1620.* It is decided that divers of our number go to seek out a fair place for situation. Prudence Tinker made relation to Aunt Priscilla that Robert Coppin, the pilot, had knowledge of a good harbor eight leagues distant.

*1621, April 20th.* Philip Mather hath gone with Squanto and sundry of our people to plant the corn. This morning I had conversation with Peleg Bruster. His heart seems greatly turned to Molly Tabor, for which Prudence Tinker hath taken much grief, as she had thoughts of him herself—at least Aunt Priscilla doth say as much. I once had a thought that Prudence looked upon Philip Mather with favor, and this displeased me, for that I think they would not walk together in unity. Prudence hath a bold spirit, and Philip is not like unto other men, in that he is finer in his inward nature, if it be that I discern him aright. I have sorrow for Prudence now, and shall strive to be a softer comforter unto her than Aunt Priscilla, who, as ever, thinketh she hath good understanding of the whole matter. When we were gathering fagots this morning, she gave Prudence counsel to this effect: that she should set her affections upon things above. I much fear Prudence was not soothed in the spirit, for she muttered unto herself that certain people, of whom she had knowledge, would do well to keep other Scripture in mind: that which saith, "Study to be quiet and to do your own business."

*May 17th.* Philip hath given unto me a ring which he saith is long in his family. It has three blue stones, with a small diamond in the centre. It is like unto the forget-me-not. The inside of the ring hath a small locket wherein to put hair. It came about in this wise: My spinning for the day being at an end, I was minded to go a little way into the woods; for although Aunt Priscilla doth warn me of danger, I can not think harm will befall me. I like much the thunder of the sea, and the roar of the wind in the tree-tops, which roaring also resembleth the noise of waters. But this night at sunset there was no tumult, and I remembered me of wondrous chapters in the Revelation; for I saw upon earth and ocean a light like as of glory. I sat me down to rest, being weary with much climbing over rocks and down fallen trees, for to pluck these fair little blossoms which Spring never brought to us at home. A moment after, I was sore smitten with fear, for behind me one lightly rustled in the thick leaves and broke twigs under his feet; when no wild creature or savage came forth—but Master Philip! Peradventure Aunt Priscilla would say I made unmaidenly show of pleasure at his company. He sat himself down beside me and we had no need for speech whilst the first brightness faded off from the waves. In truth, it was very like heaven unto me. After a time he laid his hand upon mine and said: "I love thee, Hope Allerton, and desire thee for my wife." What more he said there is no use that I write; I shall not forget it.

The manuscript is here so mutilated that much of it is illegible. We gather from it, however, that sympathizing with Prudence Tinker in her despondency, Hope entreats Philip Mather "to have pleasant conversation with her, and speak unto her wise words of comfort." The next date of interest is

*June 3d.* Prudence Tinker hath a strange spirit! Aunt Priscilla made relation of her behavior in this manner: "Yesternight, as Philip walked with you down the path to the wood, I took the Scriptures and sat me down upon the door-stone to read. A little time thereafter I lifted up my eyes and beheld Prudence Tinker, with a bunch of blue posies in her hand; she stood under the big elm and gazed after you. I called unto the young woman, and made inquiry had she planted herself there and did she think to take root? Her countenance was not pleasant to look upon: so for her greater ease, I made mention that it was doubtless good for her to 'bear the yoke in her youth.' Whereupon she cast the posies under her heel and spake out hotly, 'Mistress Priscilla, if thou hadst borne the yoke in thy youth and *died* under it, I could not mourn that thou didst not live out all thy days.' Of a certainty Prudence Tinker hath too glib a tongue in her head. Now, as for me, I have pity of poor Prudence's case, and I marvel at Aunt Priscilla's ways. If one hath a spot which hath soreness, verily she suffereth pain until she pricketh it.

*June 13th.* Sometimes I think it is not the loss of Peleg's affections that has so embittered Prudence, but that she vexeth herself after Philip; in which case, I tremble lest she cast, even now, a snare for him, and so ruin my happiness.

*June 15th.* Last night the wind did make such commotion we were in great fear the house would come about our ears. Aunt Priscilla had ill success with sleep, and I was in sore trouble with bad dreams. It did beseem that the precious stones had dropped out of my ring, and I arose in the night and lighted a candle, like unto the woman in the Scriptures, and searched the house, but found them not. Aunt Priscilla says it is an ill dream and bodes no good.

*June 25th.* Prudence Tinker stirreth my spirit within me. She keepeth a watchful eye that I get small speech with Philip. She calleth him her friend and counsellor; she runneth to him all times for advice and she flattereth him unduly. I myself do know that there is not a man like unto him in the colony; yet it is for me to confess that and not for her to so declare—and that to his very countenance. It was not worldly wise in me to advise that he comfort her, but I have supposed kindness was better than cunning.

*June 30th.* I like not at all the going on of this matter! It seemeth to me Aunt Priscilla is most blind; she was never wont to be so slow in spying out that which was stirring—yet it may be my imagination runneth away with me. Furthermore, Aunt Priscilla, albeit she is so stern, yet thinketh I am passing fair and attractive; and therefore because she herself doth not like Prudence Tinker's person or mind, she seeth not how another may—as indeed it seemeth to me Philip Mather doth.

*July 6th.* Certain words of Prudence Tinker's have come to my ears this day. I have given the ring to Aunt Priscilla, and she hath returned it to Philip Mather; what she hath said to him I know not. It was of necessity that I told her, for she saw at last the sore vexation of my soul.

*August 1st.* There is no trust save in God! I would fain go unto my Father in heaven. I am like unto a homesick child in a strange land. The women are most kind to me. I know not why, for my trouble is unknown save unto Aunt Priscilla. They say I stay too closely by the spinning-wheel—that the color hath all gone out of my face. It may well be so; for it seemeth also to have gone from everything without me.

*August 2nd.* The women bring report that Hobamak and Squanto have been treacherously dealt with by the Indians, and that Captain Standish and divers others have gone to Namassaket, and—Philip Mather has also gone with them. I speake my mind to Aunt Priscilla, that I had confidence that he would not fall a prey to those heathen. She made answer: "'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord—let the Lord's will be done." She is very wroth with Philip, and desires not to behold his countenance again. As for me, I can not hate one whom I have loved.

(*No date.*) Philip has come again unto his home, and is exceeding ill, by reason of toils, weariness and exposure endured. They say his fever rageth fiercely. O may God turn death aside from him and let him have long life in the land. I would far rather that he should be happy than that I myself should, and if it should be so that Prudence Tinker can be unto him a true and faithful wife—I ought rather to be

pleased than to writhe under the thought thereof. I have not grace sufficient.

This morning, as I sat idle before the spinning-wheel, Philip sent a messenger, saying: "Come, for I have a great longing to speak with thee!" I ran in great speed the whole way, and came into the room where he lay. His countenance was of a color white like marble, and the fever had left him as a child for weakness. He made with his hand a motion that many who watched beside him should stand back, and when I came so close by him, he whispered, "There hath been a grievous mistake, Hope Allerton! I *love* and have *loved* none other than thee. Wilt thou wear again my ring?" I was not able at once to answer, because of a sudden swelling within my throat; yet on account of that which he saw in my face, he put underneath his pillow his hand, and, drawing forth the ring, put it again upon my finger. Then, those who stood by whispered among themselves that if he were near death it was not right that he should longer let his mind be exercised over this thing; yet I can not think God would be wroth even were Philip in his last hours; for surely the bringing of light and peace into a soul can not be an evil work. Moreover, I would fain have kissed him, for I forgot the company about, but Aunt Priscilla led me away, saying it was not fitting for a maiden to stay longer. I looked back, being upon the door-stone, and I saw his face "as if it had been an angel's." I feel it borne in to me that he will die; but he is *mine* now—it may be I can give him unto my God, if never to any one else—*mine!—mine!*

Through much pain Philip has passed from this life into a better.

October 2nd. Prudence Tinker found me this morning weeping, and asked of me wherefore. I answered, "Do I not know that underneath this spot Philip Mather lies?" She answered with little softness, that "It is as likely to be some one else as he, seeing the ground is leveled so that not one grave is known from another." She knew not that I had assurance of the very spot; for on that day they buried him I measured by steps each way from the elm-tree and the great rock.

November 5th. I have a grievous pain in my side, and a weary cough. I can not spin as I have done beforetimes; it resteth me much to think of Philip sleeping.

10th. We are compassed about with sorrows. We are sore pressed by trouble in this dreary new land. My heart longeth for the better country.

December 2nd. The day is far spent; the night is at hand. I shall soon go out through the gate of darkness; but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that soon it shall be well with me.

After this is a blank leaf. Doubtless the Death Angel wrote *Finis* thereon; and so, for more than two centuries, the pale anemones may have blossomed over the maiden from beyond the sea, who laid her head to rest in the Pilgrim's land.

—Annette L. Noble.

#### BIRTHPLACE OF THE "ZAUBERFLÖTE."

From the German.

LEAVING the narrow, habitually crowded Kärnther Street of Vienna, and crossing the sculptured Elizabeth Bridge, we come, on the further side of the blue Danube, and to the right of the bridge, upon a long, low, rambling mansion, bearing upon its crumbling walls unmistakable traces of departed splendors: it still, at the time we write, bears the name of the Starhemberg House. Standing upon an extensive plateau, and built in truly extravagant style, so far as superfluity of room is concerned, it nevertheless lacks that appearance of comfort and elegance which modern civilization demands; and in man's strange unthankfulness, it has ruthlessly been doomed to be razed to the ground. And yet the discarded old house is not without its historic association; for within its walls, one of the greatest masters of harmony composed that inimitable opera, "Die Zauberflöte" (Magic Flute), which excited such extraordinary enthusiasm throughout Germany, and the echoes of which still reverberate.

Early in the spring-time of 1791, the theatrical manager, Emanuel Schikaneder, gave Mozart, whose acquaintance he had made some eleven years previous in Salzburg, a commission to write an opera for his theatre, the musical reputation of which had been considerably on the wane, during the past few years, for want of proper talent and due attention.

Mozart was of the opinion that a *German* opera might be hazarded. Time upon time he had expressed his disapproval at the firm hold which the Italian opera had upon the mind of the public, and his heart and soul yearned to be the first to pave the way for a more national order of music. "Ah!" he writes in a letter to the director, Anton Klein, of Mannheim: "If there were but a single patriot upon the boards, what sanguine success might we not anticipate? If my countrymen, instead of simply speaking and writing in their mother tongue, would but learn to *sing* in it as well, then our humble little stage, just sprouting up, might blossom and bear fruit over night!" Notwithstanding this burst of enthusiasm, Mozart was at first extremely reluctant to undertake the new commission; but the imploring earnestness of the director, and possibly his own pecuniary difficulties, overcame his scruples. Ever since the death of his patron, the Emperor Joseph, the court had shamefully neglected to remunerate their worthy chapel-master, and it seems natural that he should have grasped at the chance which was now offered to him, and dreamed of ample compensation. But alas for his hopes! It was unfortunately a dead low tide in the pockets of Schikaneder, and the only remuneration he was willing or able to offer was a hundred ducats, agreeing, also, that Mozart might retain the sole privilege of selling his opera to other theatres in Germany. To this last half of the contract, however, the wily director did not adhere, for not only did he dispose of the opera and fill his pockets with the proceeds, but he left the needy musician, who had spent his declining energies in its composition, without further compensation, to struggle on in almost abject poverty! Truly modest in his demands was the great composer by the side of some of his modern brethren; and even more sublime in his charity than these, for beyond an exclamation of righteous anger he never again alluded to the director's treachery!

It was the aim of Schikaneder to bring the new opera upon the stage as expeditiously as possible, and he magnanimously exerted himself to find a place of retreat in which Mozart should be at liberty to work without undue interruption. His efforts were speedily rewarded, for a secluded spot in the midst of charming natural scenery was placed at his disposal. In the old-fashioned garden which hedges in the wide courtyard of the Starhemberg House, a small, tasteful pavilion, overlooking the mossy grounds, full of winding paths and flower-beds, shaded beneath wide-spreading trees, was fitted up for the composer; and amid nature's sweet, unspoken sympathy his hermit life began, and to the undercurrent of his fantastic reveries the May breeze played its weird, poetic accompaniment.

Once accepting his task, Mozart faithfully set to work, and it was while composing the "Zauberflöte" that his health first began to give way. Such was the intense excitement of his mind during its composition, at which he worked so unremittingly, by day and night, interrupted by frequent intervals of unconsciousness, that the greater part of it was finished by July; then, indeed, the strain upon his health became too great, and he was obliged to suspend his labors upon it for a season. In the brief interval of rest (?) however, he produced, on his journey to Prague, his opera "Titus," and later, his inspired "Ave Verum," that masterpiece of musical conception and delicate arrangement, which ranks high among his finest works, and which bears unmistakably the stamp of his most characteristic genius.

On the 30th of September, 1791, the "Zauberflöte" was first brought before the Austrian public. The Schikaneder Theatre, which was merely a plain, wooden structure, has long since disappeared; but a play-bill, announcing the first presentation of the new opera, is still preserved, and shows with what a flourish of trumpets the worthy director sets forth his extraordinary claims to public admiration. In flaming colors he announces as follows: "First appearance of the 'Zauberflöte!' a great opera in two acts, by Emanuel Schikaneder." Then follow the *dramatis personae*, and by whom they were represented, and finally, at the bottom of the page, in small, modest type: "The music for the occasion is by Herr Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, royal chapel-master and composer. Herr Mozart, out of respect to an appreciative public, and in friendship to the author of the great play, will personally direct the orchestra!"

The success of the opera was at first small; but it rose rapidly into favor after two or three representations, when its transcendent merits first began to

dawn upon the ears of the "appreciative public," which is sometimes sadly deaf to real merit.

Soon the spot where the "Zauberflöte" first breathed its wondrous secrets will have entirely vanished from the traveler's curious gaze; and where the wild songsters twittered in the shady grove, only the noisy rumble of wheels and the clatter of hoofs upon the pavement will resound far and wide. But thanks to some humane admirers of Mozart, the little wooden structure in which he toiled so laboriously will be preserved for future generations.

After the death of the composer, it was left to fall into decay; but in the year 1862, by the timely intervention of the Count Camillo Rüdiger von Starhemberg, it was happily rescued from such an untimely fate. Later, when the old Starhemberg estate was put up for sale, the International Mozart Society of Salzburg offered a liberal price for the little dwelling; and, since the count has agreed to their proposal, it will be at once removed, and will in the future grace the native city of the great Master of Harmony, of whom no monument exists save his own inimitable productions. The coming summer will find the little house newly erected, yet in olden form, beneath the shade trees of the Mirabell Garden in Salzburg.

—Miss E. C. Gildemeister.

#### STUDENT LIFE ABROAD.

STUDENT life is so different a thing here from student life at home, that we have, ever since entering the ring abroad, enjoyed its freedom, its fun, and also its romance, with a zest unknown to those of our comrades who have been accustomed to seeing this system all their lives, and looking forward to becoming one of the fraternity from their childhood. We boys at home think—"When I am a man!" Here a boy thinks—"When I am a student!" and gazes admiringly at the little embroidered caps, the high boots, and formerly the swords dangling at the side.

Much of the mystery and romance is fading away; yet still a slight halo illuminates every cap; at least, to the eyes of those who are not yet old enough to enter the coveted circle—to the eyes of the young ladies, and to the eyes of strangers. Since Jack and I settled ourselves, we have formed many friends among our fellows, and some right good fellows are among them, full of mad pranks and nonsense which we enjoy as heartily as may be. Many a night we leave our books, and after a glass or two of beer at some favorite rendezvous, proceed to make what the German students call a "*gansen marsch*" (goose march) through the silent old town, rousing the echoes and the police—rearranging the signs of the sleeping shop-keepers—disturbing the peace all possible. No doubt it is very reprehensible, but it serves as an outlet for our feelings, and does no real harm.

It is singular, but the townspeople seem to have a spite against us students, always. What if we do sing under their windows occasionally, or upset the order of their door-plates? Why can they not take it in good part and be civil all the same? Even the police resent being beaten now and then, as if they do not beat us every chance they get!

Not long since a party of our comrades left for a neighboring city, being appointed to sing in a grand concert to be held there. Their adventures were related to us by one of their number on their return.

The first half day of the journey was uneventful. They were in the cars. At noon they transferred to a steamer. As it was early autumn weather, they did not find it over warm on the open deck; and to make the cabin accommodate the thirty, with every one smoking, was intolerable even to them. After some effort at keeping warm quietly, they formed into parties and began to dance, whistling by way of music. The captain became alarmed for the safety of his deck, as the students brought down their heels without mercy. He pleaded for quiet and suggested that anything else was preferable in the way of exercise. Then, they being the most amiable and accommodating fellows in the world, proceeded to play at "leap-frog." The captain was dismayed, and again ventured a protestation; upon which they inquired if they should resume the dance, as it was out of the question for them to stand still. He could suggest nothing, only he did protest against the dance or the "leap-frog;" anything else that they pleased. After a short parley they formed in line and started on a quick march round the deck. The captain probably concluded that it was the least of many evils to let them run. They soon after landed, and he was re-

lied thereby of further anxieties. They continued on their way to a large village where they proposed to rest for the night, and where, being necessarily fatigued by the exertions of the day, they retired early and in good order. They also *rose* early—too early, as may be thought, for the comfort of the inhabitants. Each student, at four o'clock, equipped himself in his red-and-white striped blanket, and, the leader supplied with a wooden ladle as sceptre, and one of the others with a huge dinner-bell as music, they mounted the two active officials in a hand-cart, and made a tour of the town, the other twenty-eight following mutely in single file, while the bell loudly tolled with funeral slowness and vigor. Probably the perfect astonishment of the inhabitants, thus untimely awakened to gaze upon so singular a spectacle, prevented their being arrested, until they had horrified the whole community, returned to their rooms and indulged in the laughter demanded by the occasion.

At evening our travelers reached their destination, and were received by their director, who hurried them away to the town hall, where they were to be lodged for the night. After a supper in a neighboring restaurant they were ordered in to sleep, that they might be fresh and ready for the labors of the morrow. This did not exactly tally with their ideas, still they were obliged to obey the orders of the little old director.

Having seen them well provided for in the way of mattresses and blankets, the director, wishing them good-night and sound sleep, retired. At about eleven o'clock, finding that the uproar in the hall indicated anything but a band of *sleeping* students, the worthy director presented himself at the door, and half-commanding, half-entreating, asked them to be still and sleep.

A deathlike pause ensued. He retired, and after a silence of perhaps fifteen minutes, some one cries out: "What are you all so noisy about? Why don't you go to sleep?" Of course this was the sign for a general rouse. From that moment every one busied himself in helping his neighbor to sleep. If one showed any signs of yielding to the "drowsy god," every effort was made for his comfort in the shape of extra mattresses and pillows, forced upon him in the most friendly manner, on the principle that if one mattress was good half a dozen were better. At four o'clock, exhausted and faint from their efforts at sleeping, with aching bones from the sacrifices they had made for each other, they concluded to start out in search of some breakfast.

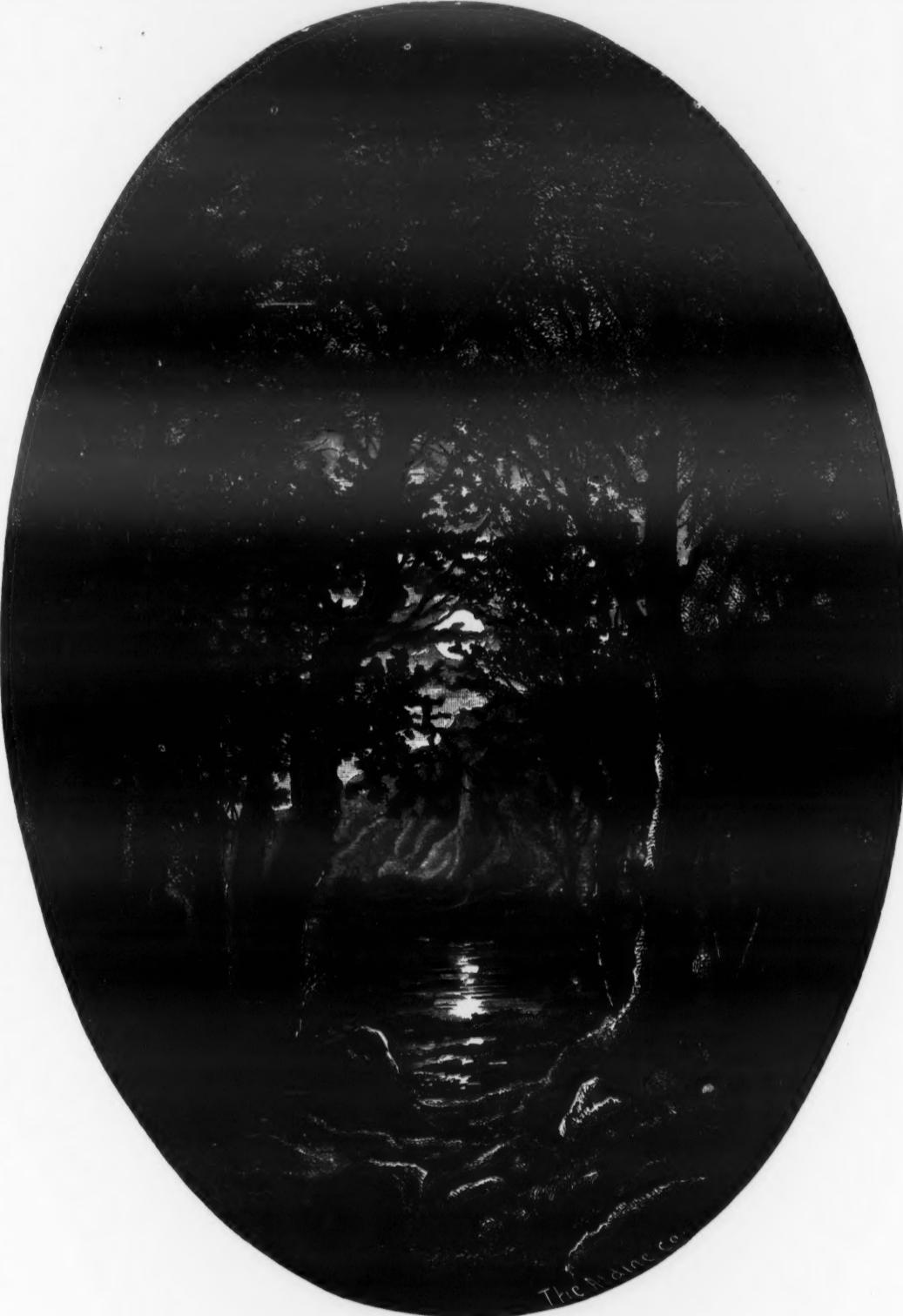
Once in the street, their spirits revived, and they marched briskly toward the first *café* of the town. Arrived at the door, they rang and knocked and shouted, but without avail. They felt the gnawing

within. They deeply desired their breakfast. They were reduced to starvation. They made a renewed effort to shout; their voices rose thin as the high notes of an organ. A thought struck them. They had provided themselves with tin trumpets before starting; these were still in their pockets. Crossing the street and seating themselves in a line on the curbstone opposite the *café*, the thirty hungry students lifted their thirty tin trumpets, and began a cheerful serenade. Not many minutes elapsed before a window opened, and the proprietor looked out with wondering eyes upon this "sorrie compagnie."

So genial a host and so excellent fare were not to be left in a hurry; and when a certain distracted little director rushed in, exclaiming nervously, "Here they all are, God be praised!" they were quite astonished to learn that it was nine o'clock, and that the poor little man had been in search of them since seven, in mortal terror lest they were all for some mad prank safely locked up in the station-house.

The director begged them to accompany him back to the hall and practice for the evening. They went, and having nearly driven him insane with their pranks, graciously sang one chorus through. They then declared for dinner, it being now noon. The director would not consent to lose sight of them again, but allowed them to lounge until four o'clock, when he insisted upon a rehearsal for the concert, which was to begin at seven. They went to the music hall reluctantly enough, and on being called to sing, opened their mouths and gave vent to such discords as it had probably never been the misery of those walls to hear. They were requested to stop. They tried again, but with no better success. Voices shrill and broken came from the tenors. Voices hoarse and choking from the bass. The director was in despair. He tried to encourage them. They tried to sing, and failed. They stared at the music with solemn faces. The director ran about the stage quite frantic. At last, after the lapse of an hour, some one suggested that possibly a glass of beer might help their voices. The director caught at the idea, bidding them drink exactly two glasses apiece and return in half an hour. The half hour passed; they did not return. An hour, and still no sign. The director grew uneasy. Half-past six, and no students. Messengers were sent in all directions. Quarter to seven, and no tidings of the choir. The other singers had entered the hall, and the audience was assembling. Ten minutes to seven. The director could endure no longer; he started for the street; at the door he met the thirty. The foremost gravely informed him that they had lost their way returning from the *café*, and come within an ace

of not getting back at all. Seeing it was no use to parley or quarrel, he bade them pass to the stage, and waited with a sinking heart to hear their failure, cursing himself that he ever had anything to do with them. Their turn came. He shrank back into the shadow, dreading to hear his pupils. Full and clear rose the student-chorus, strong and sweet and perfect. It died away, leaving a hush to be broken by the loud murmurs of applause. Later they carried him off to a supper in his honor, and having confessed that while they were missing they were practicing in a wine-cellars near by, laughingly begged pardon for the troubles they had given him.—*Fenno Douglas.*



Under the silver full-moonlight  
Shimmereth white the lake  
Seen through the natural arches  
That the crossing branches make.

Weird is the quiet beauty  
Enwrapping the scene like a spell,  
Where alike the naiad and dryad  
Should be happy and proud to dwell.

They rose of one accord—placed their hands upon their stomachs. The whites of sixty eyes and the interiors of thirty mouths were also exhibited to his astounded gaze at the same moment. For an instant they remained in this attitude, then sank upon the curbstone, motionless, with limp arms and drooping heads. Mine host comprehended all at a glance. In two minutes the doors of the *café* were thrown open. The creak of those unoiled hinges was as the horn of Gabriel to the motionless thirty. They made haste quickly, and in an amazingly short space of time were busy assisting in the disappearance of unlimited measures of coffee, bread, beer, cheese, etc.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK.—JOHN S. DAVIS.



## A SECOND LORLEI.

UNFORTUNATELY for myself and everybody who ever saw me, I am very beautiful. It is not egotism to make that remark, for I have had plenty of mis-haps on account of my looks, and every ill that can befall a family has been laid to the score of "Frank's terrible appearance." When I was a child everything went wrong. Once on a ferry-boat a young and lovely lady, petting and talking to me, became so interested that she quietly backed off the edge, and only the presence of mind and daring of her husband rescued her in a very damp and choking condition. Nurse scolded, mamma raised her hands in horror, and the lady gave me the name of "Lorlei," which I have ever since retained.

I was a continual source of anxiety lest I should be kidnapped by some childless people, and made into a circus-rider, or an heiress. My life was miserable, with the guard set around me, to say nothing of a dozen or two toilets a day, my hair to be combed and brushed incessantly, and myself kissed and fondled like a lap-dog. It grew no better, later. My sisters happened to be very plain, and I couldn't help it if I got all the invitations, bouquets, and proposals, and they received none. To make it worse, one of my admirers died of heart disease, and left me the large fortune that should have gone to his sisters; and then they loved me excessively, of course!

I combed my hair in the most horrible way I could invent, wore stiff collars up to my ears, plain dresses of sober color, made faces at myself in the glass by the hour, and all to no purpose. My hair would turn into the cunningest little ringlets about my forehead, and fall down in a golden mass of curls just at the wrong time. The neck above the ugly linen no amount of sun could make other than white and well-turned; and the clumsy dress hid a form of the most perfect mould—stately, smooth and rounded as only a healthy English girl can ever hope to be.

I couldn't have any girl-friends, for without meaning it I captured their lovers; they grew jealous and called me names; and the attachment usually ended in a storm of tears and reproaches on the one part, dismayed repentance on the other. I couldn't have a gentleman friend, for, if single, he proposed in a month, and if married, the wife came to the rescue, and I got the worst of it. I tried one plan, and you shall have the result: I cut my hair off nearly close, and mercy me!—I had done the business. I was handsomer than before! I looked a very picture of mischief, my hair curled tighter than ever, and my eyes would dance, spite of all the sober books I read, and all the sad things I tried to think of. I took Aunt Hetty into my confidence, one day when she came to the city to buy some furniture for her country house, and promised that as soon as her sons started for school, I would be with her to spend the summer. I made my preparations secretly, and only on the day of my departure asked and received permission to go unwatched and alone. Used to my freaks, mamma asked no questions, but gave me some advice—"to wear a thick veil in the cars, not to take my gloves off, and not to wink at any one." As though I ever knowingly did wink!

My own sisters would not have known the little brown mouse of a girl that sat so demurely in the car on its way to Rockbridge. I had ordered a wig made of bright red hair, and it was a very marvel in its way. Short, crisp, fiery curls covered my head closely, well down on the neck, and twining lovingly around my ears. A dress of waterproof of the most ungraceful cut and make, green glasses, shoes and gloves two sizes too big, and with the exception of mouth and complexion, I was hideous. Auntie would not believe that it was myself, until I had shown her my eyes, and spoken to her several times.

There was not a soul on the place that had ever seen me, except aunt and uncle; and as they called me "Lorlei," the servants never suspected that I was the Frank Morrison they had heard so much of from the young masters. There were few neighbors, and I rather avoided them. For the first time in my life I was ugly, and consequently happy. I rode the horses, sat on the barnyard fence during the milking, fed the chickens, ate apples and new butter, took long walks in the woods, and my big feet and scarlet hair never invited a second glance from any one I passed. What happy, jolly days they were to me, only those who are blessed with too much beauty and long to flee from the consequences can imagine.

One morning I took a book, and going through the orchard, followed the stream to a favorite nook,

lay down, and laughed the pretty, musical laugh that was at once a pleasure and a bane. I laughed to think of myself in this rig in an opera-box; and looking at the water, I said, "Why not be a real 'Lorlei' for a while?" No sooner thought than done. Off came the clumsy shoes and knitted stockings, and holding my dress up I went splashing in the shallow waters. I stepped on a big stone; it rolled with me, and I sat down cosily in the middle of the brook, wet to my waist, and my dismay finished by the heartiest laugh you can imagine. Looking at a part of the bank that I had not before noticed, I saw a gentleman, in sporting dress, holding a fishing-rod in one hand and waving the other at me in the most genial and pleasant manner. It might have been that my eyes did not match my hair; at any rate, I fancied that he stopped laughing rather suddenly, and coming close down to the water stood eyeing me inquiringly. I had been angry at first; but my usual sense of humor came to my aid, and sitting there, with the lapping water full about me, I held my sides, and laughed with him until I was tired, and my cheeks glowed like two roses.

"Well," he finally said, stopping to laugh at every word or two, "you have succeeded in your loudly expressed wish, and made a veritable 'Lorlei' of yourself."

"Did you hear me?" I asked, feeling for the first time a little shy, and rising slowly to my feet. He saw that I could not come out of the water in my bare feet, and laughing still, he answered:

"Yes. But I fear you will continue a water-nymph until I am gone, so good-bye." And as suddenly as he had come, he disappeared.

I put on my shoes, and made the best of my way back to the house. Aunt Hetty laughed at me when I told her of my adventure, but stared when I described the man.

"Bless me, child," she said, "it is Walter Gray, who lives on the next farm, or rather owns it, and lives in New York. I did not know he was at home."

The days flew by on golden wings: every one seemed more happy than the last. I took an apronful of peaches and a book, and lay down in the hammock under the elm for a lazy time one morning. I was scarcely settled when I heard auntie calling me, and then steps coming near to me. I raised myself, and who should be with her but that Walter Gray! He laughed heartily on recognizing in my aunt's niece the "water-nymph," but soon made me feel at ease by his courteous and merry manner. He had come over to see if he could buy a cow of uncle, and over the merits of butter and milk we grew quite friendly. Auntie would have him stay to lunch, and I tried to enact the country girl, and be as awkward as possible. Two or three times I almost betrayed myself by some unguarded remark; but by dropping my fork, upsetting my milk, and knocking my chair over when I rose, I managed to seem ill-bred enough to suit my coarse frock, absent collar, and tumbled hair.

To my utter astonishment, Mr. Gray asked me to go to a pic-nic at the school-house the next day. While I was staring, first at him, and then at myself in the glass, Aunt Hetty quietly said, "She will go with pleasure." I was ready to beat her, but beyond a few muttered words, I said nothing until he was gone. Then I made a few remarks to her which made her look so sorry, that I kissed her and promised to go peacefully.

I made myself look as countrified as possible, next morning, and my looking-glass told me that I was no longer even passable. Mr. Gray made no remark about my appearance, except to ask if the glasses were absolutely necessary, and on my gravely assuring him that they were, he helped me into the carriage, and away we went. How I enjoyed the glances the girls gave me, and their evident contempt for my dress and manner! I found myself alone with Mr. Gray, toward the end of the afternoon, and we sat down on the moss at the foot of a tree for what I called a good talk. His manner had been perfectly kind and courteous, and he had done everything in his power to make me forget the difference between myself and the pretty country girls I had met. After a little I forgot my part, and letting the glasses fall unheeded in my lap, I pulled off the yellow cotton gloves I had worn all day, and lying backward, clasped my hands above my head, contentedly. After a minute he said:

"Maggie Thorne is entirely thrown away on that old man. What a life for a bright, fair woman to live, shut away in that quiet house."

Following his glance toward the house on the other side of the road, I lazily answered:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The look of utter amazement on his face was too funny as he gasped out:

"Miss Lorlei, what are you? Hideous and lovely at the same time, an uneducated country girl firing Shakspeare at me in that style. You wear these green glasses all the time, and yet I have noticed you can see much farther and better without them. You have the most exquisite hand I have ever seen, and your feet are large enough for a man. You bow like an empress, and tumble over your dress the next minute. I can't understand you."

I kept my face through all his speech; and then gave him answer, pulling on my gloves:

"I don't know what you mean by Shakspeare, and you need not insult my feet: I can't help their size. What made you bring me, if only to tease?" And without further ceremony I left him more mystified than ever.

I saw him very often in the next two months, and learned to like him very much for his kindness to my awkward self. How much I liked him I scarcely knew, until a letter from mamma came, saying that summer was long over and people were growing very curious as to my whereabouts. With a cold, sick feeling at my heart, I took the letter in my hand, and went through the orchard to the place where I had played "Lorlei" for the benefit of Walter Gray. Bitterly I regretted my masquerade, for I thought he could never be brought to like the red-haired, clumsy girl he had pitied and been kind to.

I lay on the grass crying, holding in my hand some of the dead leaves lying all about me, and thinking how like my own hopes they were. How long I lay there I do not know, till some one dropped on the grass by me, and a cool, soft hand held my own.

"Crying! water-nymph?" and before I knew it I found myself close held by two strong arms, and a dear voice speaking to me.

"Your aunt says you are going away, Lorlei; going away to be educated, and taught many things it is right for you to know. I dare not let you go, little one, until I ask if you will think of yourself as my own Lorlei, and try to become as graceful outwardly as your pure, good heart and natural abilities will let you. I have learned to love you very much, and you will let me hope, will you not?"

For all answer, I lay quiet, looking up in his face, and thinking how nice it was and fearing to break the spell by showing him my real self.

"Do you like this awkward, ugly, clumsy, red-haired girl?" I finally managed to ask, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction.

"Stop the adjectives," he answered, closing my mouth gently with a caress (and how glad I was my mouth was pretty)! "At times you are more graceful than any one I ever saw, and as for the hair, —"

I sat up eagerly, and asked:

"You like yellow hair, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, wondering at my eager look.

"Turn your head away, and promise not to look."

"I promise," came the voice I was waiting for. With trembling hands I took out the pins, unfastened the elastic which held my red wig, and pulling it off, turned his face toward me. He looked as though he had seen a ghost, and stared at the red hair in my hand and the golden on my head, in mute astonishment.

"Yes, it's mine," I said, answering his look; and I pulled one of the short curls hanging over my eyes. "And I can dance and sing, and play the piano, and I love Shakspeare!" I could get no further, for reasons lovers can perhaps explain; and when, an hour after, in my pretty white ruffles and womanly finery, I crept into the sitting-room, I found Aunt Hetty talking to Walter, and saw him gravely kiss her hand as he came toward me. When I saw the light in his eyes as he looked at me, for the first time in my life I thanked God for my beauty.

There was a grand time when I went home, and for a while my "unfortunate appearance" ceased to be the general theme of conversation.

My first anxiety, when nurse brought me my little Fannie to look at, was whether she was pretty. I need not have troubled myself. Her nose is flat, her mouth is wide, and only her blue eyes and sunny temper keep her from positive plainness. She has relieved me from all fear of perpetuating the race of "Lorleis."

—*Einna Stjerna Jarlsen.*

## WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH BUILDING.

No single enterprise, in the whole world, has grown so rapidly within a few years, as the telegraph interest of America, of which the Western Union Telegraph Company is the principal exponent; and perhaps it is quite correct that the Company should be the builder and owner of one of the most remarkable structures on the continent, if not in the world. Certainly the new erection of the Company, now rapidly pressing to completion, situated on the northwest corner of Broadway and Dey Street, may claim to take rank with the most notable things of its class, in size, commodiousness, and not less so in oddity. In height it is especially pre-eminent, being, to-day, the highest in America, the body of the building alone considered, and matched only in that regard by two or three of the high-shouldered cathedrals of the Old World. There is really something almost oppressive in the effect produced by its height, forcibly reminding the traveler of Strasbourg Cathedral as seen at the distance of many miles, lifting its spire into the upper air and even its very body above the tops of the ordinary steeples. There will eventually, however, be nothing incongruous in the altitude of the Western Union building, owing to the fact that so many other buildings in the neighborhood are creeping up to a height that would not many years ago have been considered monstrous. That the Telegraph Building is to be, architecturally and practically, an immense success, there can be no question, its great height making the amount of disposable space within, simply enormous; and its location, so near the Post Office and the great business centres, rendering its availability quite as marked as its size.

Of the order, or orders, of architecture, employed in this building, even the most instructed in the science would find it necessary to speak very guardedly. So far as there can be said to be a predominance, it must be toward the Italian-Gothic; though the Mansarding and railing of the roof are so distinctively French and Flemish as to dispute the former distinction. The Italian aspect is materially increased by the cross-striping of gray granite and red brick, so common in the more prominent old buildings of Northern Italy. It is much more easy to deal with the dimensions, and thus to convey some idea of its immense extent and capacity of accommo-

dation. It has a front of 75 feet on Broadway, and a side front of 150 feet on Dey Street, the shape being so far markedly convenient as well as graceful. In height, it reaches technically ten stories, thus for the first time in the New World rivaling the ten-storied old houses of the Castle Hill at Edinburgh, while far

## MUSIC.

## ON MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

WHERE the pins go to, and what becomes of all the little boys after a fire, are problems which probably will never be satisfactorily solved. Not less difficult of solution is the grave question:

What is the fate of the myriads of prodigies who startle families, frequently whole neighborhoods, and sometimes the general public, between the ages of five and twelve, and then disappear? We have great respect for genius; we wish there were more of it, and that it were more generally diffused. It is a good thing to have, provided it has behind it energy and well-directed industry. Genius without industry is not desirable. We have seen whole families afflicted with this latter kind, and their most brilliant pyrotechnic displays only ended in a useless and sooty stick.

We hear a great deal said about genius in music. Sometimes genius is confounded with simple taste, and again a quick ear and retentive memory are mistaken for the genuine article. The possessor of any or all these qualities is often the victim of his friends, who spoil him by the assurance that he really is a genius—that is, one who, according to common acceptance, is a creature that accomplishes wonders without serious effort, and sets at variance the ordinary laws of cause and effect. This is a mischievous error, into which we hope the rising generation of musicians will not fall. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is the law of every great achievement; and in music, as in all other professions, no lasting fame has ever been attained without the most persistent, unremitting and severe application. We think of the old masters as men of supreme genius, basking in the sunlight of popular appreciation, with abundant means and ample leisure to enjoy them. If we have read brief sketches of their lives, we remember only their brilliant triumphs, the public performances when laurel crowns were presented to them on velvet cushions, and the theatre or concert-hall rang with the plaudits of the enthusiastic multitude. We know little and care less of the struggles by which they attained this public recognition. Perhaps some little account of the early education and life-experiences of the old-time prodigies may give timely hints to the young musicians of the present day. If they have the true genius we have described, it will not check their ardor, but rather encourage them to closer application and greater industry.

Handel unquestionably belongs to the race of musical prodigies. Had he been born in the second half of this nineteenth century, his parents would have exhibited him as an infant phenomenon, and coined a fortune, at the expense of his future health and fame. As he happened to first see the light in 1685, in a period when music was regarded as an occupation without dignity, with no higher object than to afford enter-

tainment and pleasure, his precocity was subdued rather than encouraged. His father was a physician, and meant that George Frederic should study physic rather than music, and the use of tonics in preference to the quality of tones. Little George was rigidly excluded from all music, but at seven years of age he managed to secure a dumb spinet, whose strings were banded with strips of cloth. This he had carried secretly to the garret, and there, out of sight and hearing of his father, he taught himself to play. Here is genius striving with difficulties. Happily, about this time, the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels discovered the boy's



THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

exceeding them in the number of feet of altitude. From the street to the top of the building proper the height is 174 feet; to the top of the clock-tower on Broadway 226 feet; while the vane on the flagstaff rises 63 feet still above the tower, giving a total height of 289 feet, far above the top of the spire of St. Paul's, and considerably exceeding even that of Trinity, New York, proud of all her new buildings, warmly welcomes that of the W. U. T. Co.

remarkable genius, and through his influence with the angry doctor, he was allowed to pursue the study of music unrestrained. Zackau, the cathedral organist, became his instructor. So great was the industry and eagerness of the young pupil, that in another year he was able to write a motet or cantata weekly, and for three succeeding years he varied these exercises each week with fugues on given subjects, sonatas, etc. At eleven years of age, he had outstripped his excellent and conscientious old master, who told him he was unable to teach him anything more, and advised him to go to Berlin. Here he met the famous musicians of that day, Attilio and Bononcini, and excelled them both. He was accepted as a prodigy, and came near falling into the hands of the Elector, who wanted to assume his further education, and attach him irreversibly to his court. The prudent father foresaw a better fortune for his son, and withdrew him to his own home. At Berlin, he had found himself the superior of two of the most famous composers of that day. This would have satisfied the average modern genius, but it only served to inspire in Handel still greater ambition and energy. He labored with increased zeal. He sought out the compositions of the men who were before him; he studied their characteristics, pointed out their defects, rearranged them, and by every means sought to enlarge his ideas and bring them as nearly as possible to his high ideal of musical perfection.

But we can not now trace the career in detail of this wonderful man, wonderful not more for his musical genius than for the unabated zeal with which he pursued his work, until blindness came upon him and he was compelled, not to stop, but to abate his labors. In reading his life, we find but a single instance in which his courage failed him; in 1703, he went to Lubec to compete for the position of organist. The old musician whose retirement created the vacancy, had a daughter (description not recorded), and it was a necessary condition that the new incumbent should marry her. Handel objected to the condition, withdrew his application, and remained single ever after.

No better evidence of the industry of Handel could be presented than a list of his compositions. He was one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever known. Bach, who lived at the same time, though he composed in a different school, wrote more than Handel, but he had far more leisure from other essential duties. The long and bitter contest, in London, of the rival opera factions, engrossed much of Handel's time, and he had not only to write opera after opera, but to superintend their preparation and production. It is fortunate for the world that in this factional fight Handel was worsted, and left London for Ireland, to repair his broken fortunes. From this time forth he abandoned the operatic field, and devoted himself almost entirely to the production of his oratorios already written, and the composition of new ones. In this music the ripeness of his genius is especially manifest. Over twenty oratorios are his, of which either the "Messiah," "Samson," or "Judas Maccabaeus" would have established his fame. His operas were about forty-four in number, and besides he composed and published nearly thirty volumes of miscellaneous music.

The excessive use of his eyes caused the blindness which we have mentioned. Bach was afflicted in like manner, and from the same cause. Handel, however, did not rest from all his labors. At the age of seventy, and when he was totally blind, he played concertos and voluntaries in public, and also composed with marvelous excellence and vigor. His biographers speak of this period of his life with affecting fervor, though to see him led to the organ and from thence to the stage to bow his acknowledgment of the hearty applause with which he was always greeted, was most painful to those who knew him in the full possession of every faculty. He attended an oratorio performance only one week before his death, thus continuing his arduous labors to the close of his life. Such genius coupled with such industry is rare, but the genius would have gone for naught had it not been directed, encouraged, and sustained through constant vicissitudes, and made immortal by an indomitable will and perseverance.

Father Haydn, with whose name that of Handel is usually associated, was assiduous to the last degree in the acquirement of his

profession and its constant development. He was born in 1732, and at a very early age exhibited marked talent. One biographer says his father was a coachmaker and parish clerk, and another that he was a wheelwright and parish sexton. Both agree that his mother was a cook at the chateau of Count Harrach, in Rohran, near Vienna, where Francis Joseph was born. The father's good tenor voice and a little knowledge of the harp enabled him to call into action the musical powers of the boy, which developed to such a degree as to attract the attention of a cousin, who begged the privilege of taking the little fellow away with him to Haimburg to be educated. Reuter, chapel-master at St. Stephen's Cathedral, who was on the search for choir boys, came upon Haydn and immediately secured him as a most valuable prize. In his new home he practiced from sixteen to eighteen hours every day. At thirteen he attempted to compose a mass, a crude composition, as we learn, for he had not yet had the necessary instruction in the con-

"I am long about it, for I wish it to last long." With the "Four Seasons" ended his musical career. He died at seventy-seven, his long life having been one of untiring industry. In early life, as we have stated, he worked daily from sixteen to eighteen hours, and in his declining years never less than five hours.

If we have given sufficient to impress the young musician with the truth that something more than genius is essential to success, then we are content. All may rest assured that genius without labor is a useless possession. Better far is mediocre talent with zealous application and ambitious aspiration.

MISS MARGARETTA B. MOORE, ELOCUTIONIST AND ACTRESS.

THIS lady, of whom we give a life-like portrait, has already made,

for her comparatively early years, an enviable name at the reading-desk, and has within her those capabilities which will not only win her a much higher name in that branch of her profession, but which will undoubtedly raise her, at an early day, to a high rank in that even more arduous branch, the stage. Only some four years have as yet elapsed since her first appearance as a reader; and her years, even now, can not be much beyond twenty if they have even reached that figure. She has a most vivacious manner, combining with a fine face and graceful figure, apparently *petite* and yet fully up to the average standard, to give her a desk-presence, or, alternately, a stage-presence, winning upon the eye as her modulations win upon the ear. Most of her appearances have been made in the Eastern cities, though some of them have been at the West; and in all, to judge from the very favorable comments of the press, her reception has been most flattering. Her *repertoire*, at the desk, embraces some of the best selections from Shakespeare, Dickens, Macaulay, Hood, Scott, Tennyson, Longfellow, and many of the minor poets; and with her really wonderful memory, it may be indeed said to embrace the whole range of the modern classics, as her immediate mastery of a whole poem, a scene, or a succession of scenes, is among her rarest qualities. Personally, we know of few treats combining amusement with intellectual enjoyment, more thoroughly than her recitation of the whole of Macaulay's "Horatius," Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," or one of the notable passages from the Master-Bard, without book, note, or any aid whatever to the memory, and all the while with that abandon of feeling only looked for upon the stage. And this leads us to the remark which gives point to this brief notice, and without the intention of which it would not probably have been written. Whatever she may be as an elocutionist and dramatic reader, it is very evident to the close observer that her best celebrity will eventually be won on the stage. She is a *natural actress* — the one requirement, after all, without which the dramatic career must be all up-hill work, even if failure is not a foregone conclusion. In this lady, every word and thought have their appropriate motion and gesture; and we know of no stronger proof that her true vocation is the dramatic, especially at this day when, in America particularly, and to some extent throughout the English-speaking world, the passing away from the stage of our best representatives of female character, and the rare discovery of any worthy and promising aspirant, leave reason to fear that we shall ere long know a sad deficiency in that detail. Probably Miss Moore does not herself know the fact, but she has the vivacity and playful power, blended with true earnestness, to make a *Rosalind*, a *Beatrice*, a *Constance*, a *Julia*, or any other of the sister heroines of the classic or the modern stage, not involving too deeply the tragic element. Even the latter may be discovered and developed by her: no one can say at present. But we hazard nothing in repeating that while she has before her, if she chooses to pursue it and it only, an enviable career as a reader, she is capable of a much more triumphant one as an actress, and in that point of view owes it to herself and the world to enter that field where both can be best and most lastingly served. We all rest under obligations, which some of us fail ever to recognize, to give to humanity the very best capacities that lie within us; and reminders of the fact can not be repeated too often or too forcibly.



MISS MARGARETTA B. MOORE.

struction of harmony. When his voice began to change and he refused to have it perpetuated by artificial means, Reuter turned him adrift. Keller, the barber, offered the homeless wanderer a home. A worm-eaten harpsichord and a garret were the portion of this genius for a time, and for these enjoyments he dressed wigs and allowed the barber and his wife to engage him to one of their daughters — a union which was productive in after life of great unhappiness. Through many years he struggled with poverty, never yielding for a moment his passionate desire to know more of music, nor relaxing his efforts to that end. It is said of him that in the space of fifty years he composed no less than five hundred and twenty-seven instrumental compositions "without ever copying himself unless intentionally." He himself said that his greatest happiness was study. His compositions cost him much labor and careful painstaking. He was prolific in ideas, but not satisfied with his own work, spending much time in revision. An oratorio, "Tobie," composed in 1774, which is of ordinary merit, preceded the "Creation," which was commenced in 1795. He was then sixty-three years old, and he was sixty-five when it was completed. When urged to hasten his work, his reply was,

## LITERATURE.

A MOST interesting and valuable work, especially in the present condition of the continent of Europe, comes to us from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, in the "History of the German Emperors," by Mrs. Elizabeth Peake, author of the "Pen-Pictures of Europe," and an instructress of reputation. In scope and plan this work is alike excellent, covering the whole range from Charlemagne to Francis II. and the new Emperor William, and dealing with the different lines by Houses, many facts otherwise unintelligible to the casual student being thus made charmingly plain and satisfactory. Meanwhile, the book, in itself all that could be desired in the way of typographical art, is rendered much more valuable by a series of full-length portraits of the Emperors, executed by the new zinc process, and set in with the type, from that remarkable series which so many travelers have examined with interest and left with long regret, in the "Roemer," or "Kaisersaal," at Frankfort-on-the-Main. A world of industry, much capacity, and intense love for this walk of study, are all shown in the preparation of this volume, the only defect in which, as to taste, is to be found in the evident transference to it, without due revision, of some previously written matter, possibly from some work by the same author for the young, and so puerile in style as to excite serious dissatisfaction at an evident carelessness. Some of the worst of this is to be found in the otherwise very interesting and exceedingly valuable views of the "Contemporaries" of the Emperors; and under the head "Lothaire of Supplinberg," pp. 70 to 73, some notable instances occur, worth remedying in a new edition, for which the intrinsic worth of the work will no doubt give early occasion.

After a personal perusal of "Gunnar: a Tale of Norse Life," lately issued by Osgood & Co., Boston, following publication in the *Atlantic*, —we handed it to "one of the people," to read and give an opinion. That opinion, when delivered, was at once so graphic, so comprehensive, and in the main so just, that we adopt it as better than anything else that could be said. "The story has a certain mild interest, and some of the descriptions of nature among the Northern Alps will engage the attention of the nature-lover; but the fact remains that the work, as a whole, amounts to very little, and that, written by an American, and bearing some name less unpronounceable than 'Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen,' and especially without the *Atlantic* as a sponsor, it would attract little notice and be worthy of no more." It would be injustice to the work, however, not to say, additionally, that there is one point in the not very forcible plot exceptionally original and striking: the introduction, in the great final scene between Ingeborg, Thor Henujbei and Gunnar, of the younger Vogt, in the exact likeness worn by his father twenty-five years before, creating the idea of one risen from the grave to reprove the mother's coldness and pride, and bending that haughty will to subservience under the supernatural pressure. Here and there, thus, in many a work by no means beyond the ordinary, flashes out a spark of exceeding excellence, worthy of notice quite as much on account of its incongruity as its importance.

Nothing could more clearly mark the increased importance of the United States as a field of travel, than the aggregation of local and other guide-books with reference to it. Nearly every leading line of rail now has its special exponent; the great California route is done by a multitude of rival chaperons; and the general guides will soon be as plentiful as they are to be found on the favorite fields of Europe. Osgood & Co., Boston, some time since gave us "New England," in the style and very much with the condensed painstakingness of Baedeker's European books; and this is now followed by the "Middle States," from the same house, showing the same characteristics as to size and appearance, and quite as exhaustive (and let us hope as accurate) in the hunting out of all places of interest, describing them, and making them more easily accessible through better knowledge of the ways and modes of reaching them. Evidently Messrs. Osgood & Co. believe in the coming Centennial, and intend to win for Boston at least the merit of direction, if Philadelphia is to have the lion's share in the shape of resort and its necessary expenditure. Meanwhile, others than visitors from abroad may not be the worse for knowing something additional about the most important section of their own country, and for having ready at hand a book of reference so comprehensive.

That Julian Hawthorne, in his new work, "Idolatry," which comes to us from Osgood & Co., Boston, has more thoroughly identified himself as the son of his father, than even in his previous work, "Bressant" — there can be no question whatever. Great genius is not only near to madness, as an old axiom has taught us, but it has no small admixture of the doubtful and dangerous element in its own composition; and Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the purest geniuses of the century, was literally full of those oddities of thought which are, to the ordinary mind, part and parcel of mental aberration — divine, it is true, but no less aberration. Taking the evidence of "Idolatry" as the best data yet furnished for comparison, there is every reason to believe that his son has inherited all the most bizarre features of the paternal power, whatever may eventually prove to be his possession or non-possession (not yet fully decided) of the immortal spark which has enrolled the one Hawthorne with the gods of the upper firmament. As a novel, "Idolatry" is, truth to say, no advance upon "Bressant," if indeed it is not a material declension from the standard of that work; while as a romaut, heavily charged with the ultra-romantic (which includes the impossible), and with Egyptology of the most pronounced character, it is certain to command wondering admiration. The admiration must be accorded to the talent for description and analyzation, visible throughout; and the wonder will culminate over the fact that any other writer can be found, at this day, disposed to rival the late Mansfield Tracy Walworth in locating along the prosaic line of the lower Hudson mansions and characters improbable anywhere and only possible in other lands, other times, and under widely different conditions. As to the characters, nearly or quite the same amazed admiration is likely to prevail. The muscular young heathen who figures so prominently in "Bressant," in place of the "muscular Christian" of the Kings-

leys, — is here again in Balder Helwyse, though much more uproariously Berserk than in the former work; and he indulges in flights of speculation, and a few eccentricities of action, that might have shocked even his predecessor and elder brother. Speculating very much, and leading the reader into more or less of sympathy with his speculations, it is not a little puzzling to discover what are really the conclusions eventually arrived at by the hero, and to what end has been endured all the incongruous discipline of his novitiate. Sensuously beautiful as absurdly unreal, meanwhile, is Gnulemah, an attempted graft of the Oriental on Americanism, interesting as a study, but lacking the full flavor of originality which the character might have possessed before William S. Gilbert drew his Galatea. The character of Manetho, the Egyptian, is in itself nearly as overstrained and improbable as one of his actions — the wearing, on the Hudson, in the middle of the nineteenth century, of a wedding-robe which had been originally worn for a similar purpose in Egyptian observances of three thousand years ago. Dr. Hiero Glyphic (in name a bad imitation of one of the worst puerilities of Orpheus C. Kerr) is a dismal old shadow; and with the exception of the Egyptian woman, first jealous waiting-woman and then doubly jealous hag, all the rest are equally feeble and unreal. Perhaps the most comprehensive summary of the work, after all, is to say that it is a sort of prose "Faust" of the present; and then there recurs the question whether, after Goethe, there remained any motive to make the game worth the candle. The reading world will wait with some anxiety for the third work by this able and ambitious but possibly misjudging young writer, to fix a status which certainly has not been set by "Idolatry," and for which it does not even supply any material accumulation of data.

## DRAMA.

## THE DEPARTING AND THE COMING. — CUSHMAN AND RAYMOND.

Of late, the theatrical world of America has known two sensations sufficiently pronounced to lift them above the ordinary range and into that heaven where dwells the indefinable and yet easily recognizable goddess, Art. Art, who has so many imitators, and possibly so many younger sisters, not yet come to their estate of full influence; but who is herself, alone, and without companion as without comparison. Art, who in herself combines the grace of perfect nature with the charm of the very highest acquirement. Art, about whom we bandy no words and raise no questions, but whom we intuitively know and intrinsically feel, while all others are subjected to the rule, the plummet and the scale of anxious and comparative judgment. Art, whom and at whose bidding we may either smile or weep, or both at need, but in intercourse with whom, whatever temptations there may be to enter her presence, we are certain to clasp to our mental breasts something with the endearing motion of a living caress, hugging the embodiment of an entire and delicious satisfaction.

This may be rhapsodic. If so, let us descend from any clouds involved, and say that the two sensations have been the reappearance of Charlotte Cushman in an engagement at Booth's Theatre, embodying her farewell to the American stage (and supposedly to the stage universal), — and the bursting forth of John T. Raymond into a celebrity as unexpected as worthily won, with the chance of its marking the admission of that actor into the exceptional company of the successful immortals. The plaudits, blending pleasure and regret, over the farewell appearances of the one, culminating in the great ovation of Saturday night, the 7th of November, have died upon the air, but they remain still fresh in the double hearing of the ear and the heart: those blending wild laughter and the choking sensation of a rising sob, in the presence of the other, have yet by no means died, and there is a possibility of their sounding on through a whole season in a single spot and perhaps through a lifetime in other and varied places.

Not only *place aux dames*, but even otherwise first place to one of the oldest (speaking now of the artiste, not the woman) and most honored representatives of dramatic art on the two continents. Charlotte Cushman has come back to us, for a brief season, and then, theatrically, gone away forever. We have known her, how long let our graying locks and stooping shoulders attest; with many of us, our fathers and our mothers knew her; but our daughters, and all who follow the present generation, can only see her through our recollections and the records which we set down for their perusal. With her going away, two characters — those of *Queen Catharine* and *Lady Macbeth*, come to the necessity of appealing for some new supreme representative, though for both there even now exist those who can represent them with a force and propriety only second to hers who thus lays aside the wand of her power, — and one character, the third of the wondrous triad in which she has made her farewell appearances, is likely to perish utterly, or to be held in abeyance until some woman of the new generation, or possibly some one yet unborn, shall become inspired alike by the duty and the opportunity, and devote to it at once strong talent and the most laborious efforts of a life.

For thus far, while there have been many *Lady Macbeths* and *Queen Catharines* during the past quarter of a century, there has been but one *Meg Merrilles*. The attempts at the character have necessarily been few; and they have almost necessarily been feeble, under the difficulties of the creation and the frightening shadow of the great original. So many years had elapsed since even New York playgoers had been present at a rendering of "Guy Mannering," that Terry's melodrama seemed almost new again, and Sir Henry Bishop's music came with the charm of an old and half-forgotten strain. But what of the one for whom all the accessories and all the other characters had been gathered? How shall we see her — we asked ourselves, at the moment before she burst forth upon the astounded "Captain Broon" and half-tipsy *Dan'le* — how shall we see her? — at all as we remember her, or, still intellectually powerful but fallen away from the nervous physical energy so closely belonging to the character? One glance, the utterance of a word, and the question was answered: all the lapse of those years had made no change in her ability to render the character, mentally or physically; perhaps both powers were intensified. Yesterday, as in the past, she could annihilate her own personality so thoroughly as to create absolute flight blended

with flying interest; yesterday, as in the past, she could wring the very heart by the pathos of quavering voice and quivering hands, over and under the outstretched palm of the foster-child loved so dearly; yesterday, as in the past, she could virtually lift the spectator with her, toward the height she was measuring with her genius, rising gradually on tiptoe as she enunciated those crowning words which so evidently made the one pride and hope of her miserable life — the overwhelmingly triumphant prophecy of that coming moment when

"Bertram's right, and Bertram's might  
Shall meet on Ellangowan Height!"

Marvelous is that power which can so sustain itself through advancing years and change of scene and the benumbing effect of innumerable repetitions; and sad is it, after whatever length of time, to see its illustration and development pass away forever. But of this, as of many other pleasures of which we first and last come to be bereaved, these two things may be said in consolation: that even to have lost it is better than never to have known it; and that even if it could be indefinitely continued, the opportunity of each of us for beholding continued repetitions is so shortening and narrowing that we need make no loud outcry over the deprivation.

It would be unjust to close without saying, in a word, that the charm of Miss Cushman's farewell representations was materially increased by the lavish care bestowed upon the three productions by the management; by the scholarly *Macbeth* of Mr. George Vandenhoff, on the closing night; and, in "Guy Mannering," by the excellent *Dandie Dinmont* of Mr. Charles Wheateigh, the lady-like grace and beauty of Miss Henderson and Miss Blanchard as *Lucy* and *Julia*; and by the effective rendering of the fine old music by Mrs. Annie Kemp Bowler, an efficient orchestra and a well-trained chorus.

In the character of *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, in Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner's drama of the "Gilded Age," at the Park Theatre, Mr. Raymond, an actor before only known as having achieved moderate successes in different lines of modern comedy, has reached that golden time of existence known as an "opportunity." That golden time, so entitled, is everything to the man who has that within him capable of recognizing and embracing it: it is nothing, or worse than nothing, to the incapable. Many men of talent, and possibly some of genius, wait all their lives long without seeing the arrival of that "good time coming;" men of absolute and positive genius often make their own opportunities and force from fate the prize she would withhold. Matilda Heron found her "opportunity" in *Camille*, and it was fame and for a time fortune, to her: the groundwork being a meretricious one, the fame paled and the fortune withered. Sothern found his "opportunity" (and to some extent made it) in *Lord Dundreary*, and it has carried him to continuous celebrity and assured prosperity. Joseph Jefferson found his in *Rip Van Winkle*, and has embraced it with corresponding success in both particulars. John E. Owens discovered a much milder form of it in *Solon Shingle*, and has made the character the foundation of more reputation and prosperity than he could otherwise ever have attained. And others might be named, only less aptly illustrating the fact that in no other walk of human effort is the adage more notably true than in the theatrical, of there being

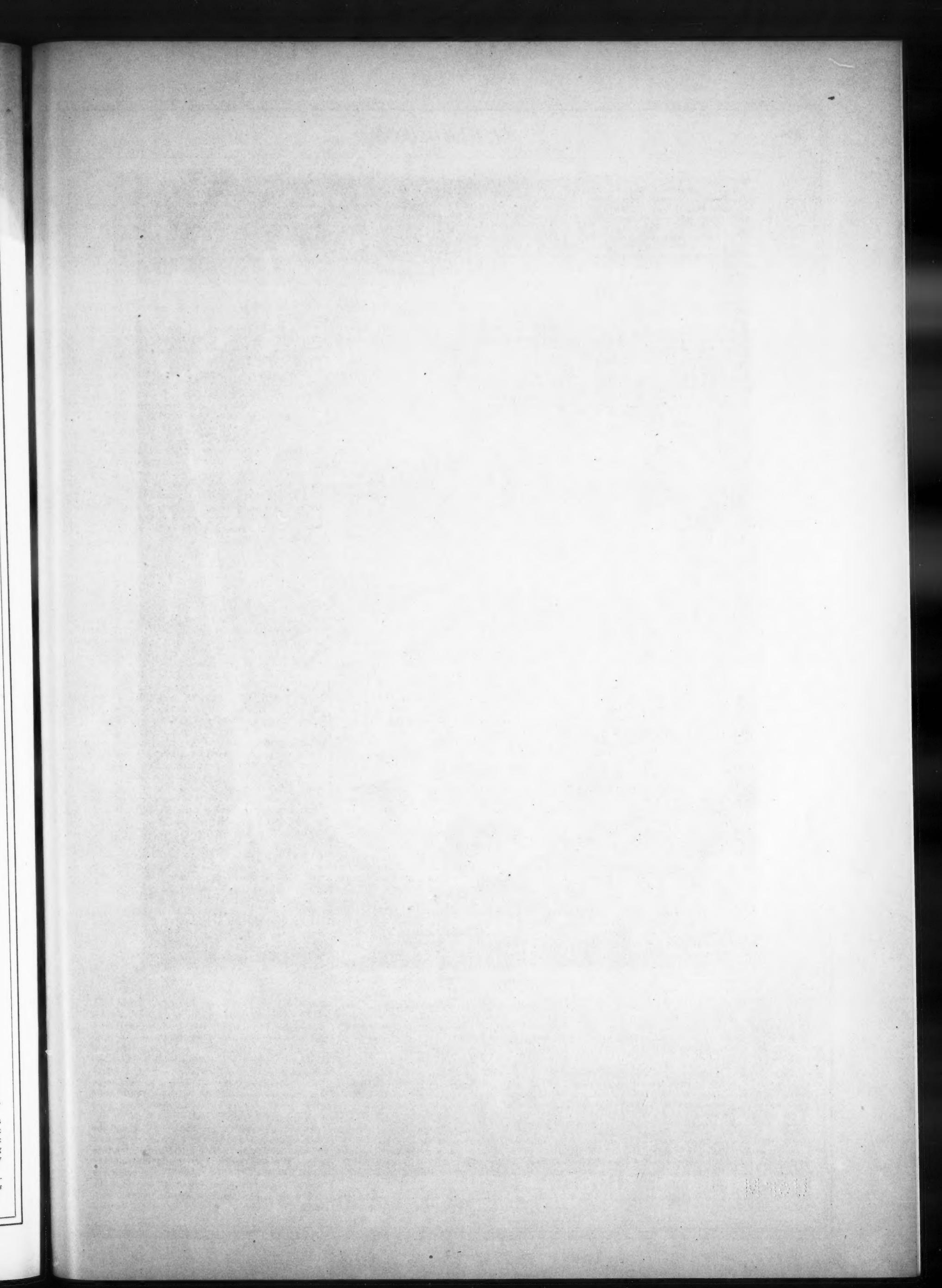
"— 'a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'"

In the "Gilded Age," a play with very few intrinsic claims to eminence, and only redeemed from unendurable dullness by a host of the droll Mark-Twainian exaggerations, — in this, Mr. Raymond has found his "opportunity." That he has embraced it, forced out of it its full capacity, triumphed in it to the extent of a great and apparently permanent success, simply proves that he was not one of the incapables, and that he had only been waiting his time that was to come and might never have done so. As a type of an impossible but easily supposable character, bearing the same relation to the actual that the old stage-Yankee did to the real man of Massachusetts or Connecticut, or the stage-Yorkshireman to the actual inhabitant of the West Riding, — as a type of this, *Colonel Mulberry Sellers* is to-day immortal, unforgettable, and as assured a fact as the late election or the Astor House. And the actor who made him is correspondingly immortal in the creation: "there is millions in it," to him, financially and in the way of reputation, according to all present appearances. It is one of the features of the time.

Judging from the continuous roars of laughter, all who see the "Gilded Age" recognize the ludicrous character of the *Colonel's* situations and speculations. Probably all see the power of identification with a character, through which the man Raymond temporarily sinks away and the idea *Sellers* springs to birth and life. Possibly nearly all, who have the capacity for measurement, see the gentlemanliness which the actor carries through all the *outre* situations of the part (always excepting the trial scene, which not even he can avoid making a partial copy of the *Solon Shingle* business), which makes him the very antipodes of a ruffian, even when more than half-tipsy, and strives so faithfully to hide the yawning hiccup which might be thought disrespectful before a lady. But how large a proportion of the audiences realize the sad pathos of a part of this rendering? How many recognize the fact that the persistent hospitality which will insist on keeping a guest to dinner, when there is nothing whatever in the house to eat, is almost heart-breaking in the pitying regard which it excites? — or that the action and speech at the table, however droll in the outer seeming, is really the saddest thing of the time, outdoing *Caleb Balderstone* on ground where he had before stood alone, and bringing the fountain of tears so near to the source of laughter that only a touch is needed to make them flow together?

Decidedly, as already remarked, Mr. Raymond has found his "opportunity" in *Colonel Sellers*; and with a bad play and support worse than negative as an average, he has made the character at once a substantiality and an enjoyment — the hopeful Coming pleasantly taking the place of the weary Departing, thus briefly grouped with it at the moment of disappearance.

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WATER-MAPLES.—JOHN A. HOWS.